JUNE 24, 1957
*a Time Inc. weekly publication*
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# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



Part 2 PRE-RACE

## THE ART OF RACE RIDING



by EDDIE ARCARO

BOB GUTOWSKI

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 24, 1957
Volume 6, Number 25



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**COVER:** BOB GUTOWSKI
*Photograph by Fred E. Chez*

The flying young man who has just arched his slender frame to a new pole vault record of 15 feet 9¼ inches is the favorite to crack the vaulters' magical 16-foot mark. For the story of Gutowski's record and of how he got to be the world's best, see pages 45 and 51.

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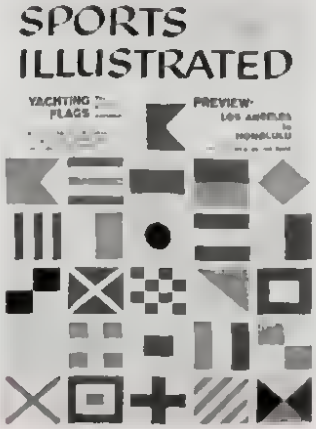
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A collection of yachtsmen's flags and burgees in color, and a preview of the 2,230-mile Honolulu ocean race

**PLUS:** PART 3: EDDIE ARCARO ON RACE RIDING






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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. Subscription $7.50 a year in U.S.A. and Canada.

Volume 6 Number 25

# MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THIS YEAR the trade fair in Poznan, Poland, which began June 9, has the U.S. Government as one of its exhibitors, participating for the first time in Poland in an International Trade Fair.

With twin objectives of telling our story to people of other lands and of stimulating trade between the U.S. and foreign countries, our three-year-old trade-fair program, under



the Department of Commerce, has already put more than 45 exhibits in 25 countries.

The American Exhibit, shown here in an architect's rendering, has the theme "Made in U.S.A." and emphasizes individuals and their family living. An integral part of it, covering 4,500 square feet, is the Hall of Recreation, which dramatizes American interest in sport. Historically, this is an interest the Poles have long shared with us — as humorists have often observed in spelling out a Notre Dame lineup.

In the foyer of the Hall of Recreation is the 23-panel photographic display, *Sports in the United States* (SI, May 30, 1955), which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED first prepared for the United States Information Agency in 1955 and which has already appeared in dozens of exhibitions around the world. With it are four-color SPORTS ILLUSTRATED posters, some already familiar here from their frequent appearances in department store window and interior displays. Almost 700 items of sports equipment fill the Hall itself. Valued at more than a quarter of a million dollars and lent by 50 sporting goods manufacturers, they range from ping-pong balls to a plastic swimming pool, in which floats a fiber-glass boat complete with outboard motor.

An estimated 2 million eastern Europeans will visit America's Hall of Recreation during the two-week fair. Needless to say, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is pleased and proud to contribute to the picture of America they will see there.

Harry Phillips


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**Advertising Director** William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. $7.50. Air-speeded editions to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. $10.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr., $10.00. Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising content to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y., and all subscription correspondence to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Changes of address require three weeks notice. Please name magazine and furnish address imprint from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. TIME INC. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman, Maurice T. Moore; President, Roy E. Larsen; Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Black; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Stillman; Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice Presidents, Edgar R. Baker, Bernard Barnes, Clay Buckhout, Arnold W. Carlson, Allen Grover, Andrew Heiskell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linen, Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen Jr.; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey.

# SCOREBOARD

## . . . THESE FACES IN THE CROWD . . .



**Stan Musial,** genial slugger who came out of Donora, Pa. in 1941 to join St. Louis and earn a reputation as one of baseball's "nice guys," played 823rd consecutive game since 1952 against Philadelphia for new National League endurance record, modestly shrugged off feat. "I just played a lot of baseball."



**Derek Ibbotson,** 21 British electrical engineer who first cracked four-minute barrier last August, celebrated birth of first child (a daughter) by stepping off 3:58.1 mile, second only to John Landy's 3:58, at Glasgow. Ibbotson was sure he could have beaten Landy's time "if I had a pacemaker."

## RECORD BREAKERS

**Bob Gutowski,** skinny 6-footer from Occidental, moved ever closer to mingle 16-foot pole vault, soaring over bar at 15 feet 9¾ inches for new world record in NCAA meet at Austin, Texas, where college marks also fell to Abilene Christian's swift Bobby Morrow, who clocked 9.3 in heat to equal world record for 100, Ft. Sam State's Ancel Robinson, who also matched world standard of 22.2 in 220-yard low hurdles; Colorado's Don Bowden, 880 winner in 1:47.2, Iowa's Charley Jones, who hustled two miles in 8:57.6, Pacific Lutheran's John Fromm, who hurled javelin 248 feet 1 inch (June 15). But when dust settled, Villanova's Jumbo Jim Elliott had team title safely tucked away, thanks to Ron Delany's 4:06.5 mile and second place behind Bowden in 880. *see page 55*

**St. Francis Prep's Ed Kennedy, Joe Davis, Frank Hegarty and Dan Rorke** ran two-mile relay in 7:51.7 for new U.S. high school mark in New York, June 15.

**Russian** campaign to accentuate its athletic prowess received boost from heavy-legged Maria Itkina, who set sight on world 400-meter record, hauled down same with 53.4 clocking at Minsk, June 10.

**Gallant Man,** Texas Oilman Ralph Lowe's mighty little Irish colt who chased home Iron Liege and Bold Ruler in Kentucky Derby and Wood Memorial, made sure of $113,350 Belmont Stakes. *see page 52*, running Inside Tract and Bold Ruler into ground as he streaked Hyndicus in 2:26⅘, for new U.S. mark, June 15.

**Llangollen Farm's** 6-year-old **Porterhouse,** dawdling along nine lengths off pace at half-mile pole, suddenly took off under urging of veteran Johnny Longden, hot-hooved down stretch like runaway locomotive to new world record of 1:02⅘ for seldom-run 5½ furlongs in $23,350 Hollywood Express Handicap at Hollywood Park. His reward: customary squeeze and buss from Owner Mrs. Richard Lunn (June 14).

## BOXING

**Roy Harris,** strapping heavyweight schoolteacher from Flat and Shoot, Texas, let shifty fourth-ranking Willie Pastrano dance to his heart's content, slowing him up with left hooks and right-hand leads to take 10-round decision at Houston. *see page 21*

**Tony Anthony,** No. 1-ranked light heavyweight, hardly looked the part against Yvon Durelle, lightly regarded French-Canadian fisherman, retreating and counterpunching listlessly, was lucky to come away with draw in 10-rounder at Detroit. Next day, prorastinating and still-pudgy Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore blew in from Germany to meet with IBC boss Jem Norris, talked about defending crown against Sugar Ray Robinson or Durelle, paid almost no attention to NBA suspension or threat by World Committee on Professional Boxing to vacate title unless he meets Anthony by August 30.

**Raul** (Raton) **Macias,** bouncy little NBA bantamweight champion, came back from first-round knockdown to batter Dommy Urzua, had challenger helpless when referee halted fight in 11th before 12,224 who poured $86,310 into till at San Francisco.

## GOLF

**Dick Mayer,** journeyman pro from St. Petersburg who had never won major tournament, made his first a big one after Cary Middlecoff's two 68s on final day caught him at 282 to throw U.S. Open at Toledo into 18-hole playoff. Stroking methodically and cautiously under pressure while weary Middlecoff faltered, Mayer *shot 72 to win by seven strokes, complained* harmlessly, "It made a nervous wreck of me," as he reached for $7,200 winner's prize. *see page 8*

**Louise Suggs,** wiry Sea Island, Ga. veteran, went into final round three strokes down to Wiffi Smith and relaxed because "I figured I didn't have a chance." proceeded to work magic with irons and putter for 68 to win Ladies PGA title with 285 at Pittsburgh.

## BOATING

**Yale's** Olympic-tested sweepstrokers perked along at steady 29 beat, kicked it up to 31 near finish to leave Harvard seven lengths behind and complete sweep of river at New London, Conn. in 92nd renewal of nation's oldest college event, made ready to take off for London and Henley Royal Regatta. *(see page 10)*

## HOCKEY

**Terry Sawchuk,** agile-handed goalie who jumped Boston last December, claiming he was "too sick and nervous" to play, was dealt back to Detroit, where he starred for six years. Clucked Sawchuk: "I'm very happy to be back home."

## BASEBALL

**Major league** races began to heat up in week marked by brawls. *see page 24*, trades, shouts and streaks. Faltering Brooklyn provided impetus for change in National League, dropping six out of eight to Milwaukee and St. Louis to help boost Braves, who also beat Philadelphia three times and pulled off trade of week by sending Pitcher Ray Crone, Infielder Danny O'Connell, Outfielder Bobby Thomson to New York Giants for Second Baseman Red Schoendienst, into first place. Cards had eight-game winning streak snapped by Phillies but bounced back at expense of Dodgers, who slipped all way to fifth. To move within 1½ games of Milwaukee, Cincinnati had more troubles than anyone, dropping four straight to Pittsburgh and two out of three to New York to sink to third.

**New York Yankees** found Homers trigger-hot in Chicago, won two out of three from league-leading White Sox but literally had to fight way out of town before moving to friendlier atmosphere in Kansas City, where they took three straight and obliged by trading Infielder Billy Martin, Pitcher Ralph Terry, Outfielders Bob Martyn and Woody Held to Athletics for Outfielder *Harry Simpson and two players sent* to minors. White Sox bounced back against Washington to lead Yankees by 3½ games but began to worry about streaking Detroit Tigers, who won five in row from Baltimore and Boston to take over third place.

**Pitcher George Sterling** set Penn State down with three hits, drove in only run with triple to give California 1-0 victory and NCAA title in double-elimination tournament at Omaha. *see page 38*

## HORSE RACING

**A. B. Hancock's Bayou,** stretch-running with verve and determination, lugged Willie Hartack to his 23rd stakes victory of year in $71,425 Delaware Oaks, first of Delaware Park's "Distaff Big Three" races.

## MILEPOST

ELECTED. **Julius Helfand,** dapper New York Boxing Commissioner whose rabbit-hunting tactics brought monopoly-minded Managers Guild to heel, president of World Committee on Professional Boxing, which also readmitted NBA to membership, at Paris.

*continued*

## FOCUS ON THE DEED



**LUNGING** Darlene Hard grimly reaches for the ball at Beckenham, England, where she lost to Althea Gibson in final of Kent tournament.



**CLINGING** precariously to side of sailboat, agile Nancy Jamieson holds her own as cosailors rest easy at Minneapolis' Lake Calhoun.



**LEAPING** Crown Prince Constantine of Greece puts his all into broad jump during an exhibition at Anavryta Gymnasium in Athens.

## SCOREBOARD *continued*



**Meriam Bailey,** free-swinging 19-year-old Northwestern sophomore and Illinois Amateur champion, battled her way into finals, made good use of accurate short game to fight off last-ditch challenge by Arizona's Judy Bell to win 2-up for women's national collegiate golf title at Champaign.

### FOR THE RECORD

**AUTO RACING**

JOHN KILBORN Decatur, Ill., 1.9 m Natl Sports Car Hill Climb in 1 29 9 with 88-mph average (new record) in Ferrari Wausau Wis
JOHNNY THOMSON Boyertown Pa 50 m Mika Nazaruk Memorial big car race in 47 20 64 in Offenhauser Reading Pa

**BASKETBALL**

EAST over West 67 63 67 73 74 59, All America prep world series Hutchinson Kan

**BOATING**

STANFORD over Wisconsin by ½ length, in 8 45 for 1¼ miles, Madison Wis

**BOXING**

ALEX MITEFF, 10 round decision over Willie Besmanoff heavyweights New York
RANDY TURPIN 15 round decision over Arthur Howard to retain British light heavyweight title Leicester, England
VIRGIL AKINS 10 round decision over Walter Byars, welterweights Norfolk Va

**FENCING**

(Natl championships Milwaukee)
MRS JANICE LEE ROMARY Los Angelas woman's foil DICK BERRY Michigan épée DAN BUKANTZ Fencers Club of N Y foil DAN MAGAY of Hungary and N California sabre Team champions S Californnia woman's Fancers Club of N Y foil N California sabre Michigan épée and 3 weapon

**GOLF**

JOANNE GOODWIN Haverhill Mass Eastern Women's Amateur with 226 for 54 holes Providence, R I
LAMAR STATE NAIA title Beaumont Texas

**HORSE RACING**

SIR TRIBAL $57,900 Balimoral Turf H 1 1/16 m by 4½ lengths, in 1 58 1 5 Washington Pk Tony Skowronski up
ROUND TABLE $37,000 El Dorado H 1 1 16 m by 6 lengths in 1 41 Hollywood Pk George Taniguchi up

**TENNIS**

(Davis Cup European Zone quarter finals)
Belgium 3 Mexico 2 Britain 3 France 2
LAWRENCEVILLE invitation interscholastic tournament with 25 pts Manursing Island Club Rye N Y

**TRACK AND FIELD**

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE over Cornell-Penn 8 7 (first places only), Philadelphia



**UPSETTER** Roy Harris *(left)*, in classic pose, gets his chin in the way of a flicking left by Willie Pastrano in 10-round fight at Houston.

# BASEBALL X-RAY



**TED WILLIAMS** set American League record last week, hitting three home runs in one game for the second time this season.



**RED SCHOENDIENST,** recently traded to Braves from Giants, has hit nine home runs this year, seven more than his 1956 total.

### TEAM PERFORMANCES

| This week (6 9-6 15) AMERICAN LEAGUE | | | Season | Homers Week |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| New York | 5 2 | 714 | 32 22 | 12 |
| Detroit | 5 2 | 714 | 31-25 | 12 |
| Cleveland | 4 3 | 571 | 28 25 | 13 |
| Baltimore | 4 3 | 571 | 24 30 | 7 |
| Boston | 4 4 | 500 | 27 29 | 14 |
| Washington | 3 4 | 429 | 20 38 | 7 |
| Chicago | 2 5 | 286 | 34 18 | 6 |
| Kansas City | 2 6 | 250 | 23 32 | 14 |
| NATIONAL LEAGUE | | | | |
| Milwaukee | 6 2 | 750 | 32 21 | 14 |
| St Louis | 5 2 | 714 | 29 23 | 9 |
| Pittsburgh | 5 3 | 625 | 20-34 | 0 |
| New York | 4 3 | 571 | 24-32 | 8 |
| Chicago | 3 3 | 500 | 16-32 | 3 |
| Cincinnati | 3 5 | 375 | 32-24 | 8 |
| Brooklyn | 2-6 | 250 | 30-23 | 6 |
| Philadelphia | 1 5 | .167 | 29 23 | 1 |

### TEAM LEADERS

| | Batting Week | Batting Season | | Homers Season | | Pitching Season | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Skowron | 680 | Mantle | 381 | Mantle | 19 | Shantz | 7-1 |
| Philley | 450 | Berlola | 311 | Maxwell | 12 | Maas | 7-3 |
| Smith | 321 | Wertz | 315 | Wertz | 9 | Wynn | 7-7 |
| Boyd | 593 | Boyd | 349 | 2 with | 6 | Zuverink | 6-2 |
| Matzone | 469 | Williams | 382 | Williams | 17 | Brewer | 7-5 |
| Sievers | 421 | Sievers | 307 | Sievers | 14 | Clevenger | 5 0 |
| Aparicio | 611 | Fox | 350 | Dropo | 8 | Pierce | 10-3 |
| Lopez | 350 | Gery | 348 | Zernial | 13 | Trucks | 5-1 |
| Logan | 406 | Aaron | 329 | Aaron | 18 | Spahn | 7-3 |
| Ennis | 379 | Musial | 357 | Musial | 13 | Jackson | 8 2 |
| Baker | 458 | Fondy | .359 | Thomas | 6 | Purkey | 5-4 |
| Mueller | 382 | Mays | 330 | Mays | 12 | Gomez | 9 3 |
| Tennar | 389 | Moryn | 275 | Banks | 8 | Drott | 5 6 |
| Temple | 269 | Robinson | 319 | Robinson | 11 | Acker | 6 2 |
| Valo | 467 | Hodges | 366 | Snider | 11 | Podres | 6 2 |
| Ashburn | 423 | Ashburn | 276 | Bouchee | 7 | Sanford | 8-1 |

## HEROES AND GOATS

**THE SEASON (to June 15)**

| | BEST | WORST |
|---|---|---|
| Batting (AL) | Williams Bos 382 | Graff KC 160 |
| Batting (NL) | Hodges Bkn 366 | Wills Chi 207 |
| Home run hitters (AL) | Mantle NY 19 (1 per 9½ AB) | Aparicio Chi 0 (194 AB) |
| Home run hitters (NL) | Aaron Mil 18 (1 per 13 AB) | Gilliam Bkn 0 (226 AB) |
| Pitching (AL) | Pierce Chi 10 3 | Stobbs Wash 0 11 |
| Pitching (NL) | Gomez NY 9 3 | Kline Pitt 2-9 |
| ERA (AL) | Bunning Det 1 71 | Stobbs Wash 8 86 |
| ERA (NL) | Purkey, Pitt 1 96 | Wahmeier St L 6 53 |
| Complete games (AL) | Pierce Chi 8 (in 13 starts) | Lemon Clev 0 (in 9 starts) |
| Complete games (NL) | Newcombe Bkn 8 Roberts Phil 8 (in 12 starts) | Arroyo Pitt 0 (in 8 starts) |
| Team HR (AL) | Kansas City 64 | Chicago 35 |
| Team HR (NL) | Cincinnati 66 | Pittsburgh 22 |
| Team runs (AL) | New York 267 | Cleveland 218 |
| Team runs (NL) | Cincinnati 297 | Pittsburgh 195 |
| Team hits (AL) | Baltimore 507 | Clevelend 432 |
| Team hits (NL) | St Louis 530 | Chicago 389 |

**RUNS PRODUCED**

| | Runs Scored | Teammates Batted In | Total Runs Produced |
|---|---|---|---|
| AMERICAN LEAGUE | | | |
| Mantle NY (381) | 52 | 23 | 75 |
| Sievers Wash (307) | 38 | 32 | 70 |
| Mineso Chi (277) | 30 | 33 | 63 |
| Skowron NY (337) | 31 | 31 | 62 |
| Wertz Clev (315) | 31 | 31 | 62 |
| NATIONAL LEAGUE | | | |
| Aaron Mil (329) | 44 | 32 | 76 |
| Mays NY (330) | 41 | 25 | 66 |
| Musial St L (357) | 31 | 34 | 65 |
| Blasingame St L (298) | 39 | 26 | 65 |
| Robinson Cin (319) | 41 | 23 | 64 |

**THE ROOKIES**

| | AMERICAN LEAGUE | NATIONAL LEAGUE |
|---|---|---|
| Batting | Richardson NY 337 | Kasko St L 293 |
| Home runs | Maris Clev 8 | 2 with seven |
| RBIs | Maris Clev 23 | Bouchee Phil 26 |
| Pitching | Fischer Chi 3 3 | Sanford Phil 8 1 |



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# FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR



*SO—season opens (or opened); SC—season closes (or closed). C—clear water; D—water dirty or roily; M—water muddy. N—water at normal height; SH—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; R—rising; F—falling.* **WT50**—*water temperature 50°.* **FG**—*fishing good;* **FF**—*fishing fair;* **FP**—*fishing poor;* **OVG**—*outlook very good,* **OG**—*outlook good;* **OF**—*outlook fair;* **OP**—*outlook poor*

**TROUT:** COLORADO: Statewide fishing has tapered off chiefly because most rivers and creeks remain H and R. **FF/G** in lakes and reservoirs, however, especially Granby, Shadow Mountain, Skagway, Taylor and Eleven Mile reservoirs and Grand and San Cristobal lakes.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: **FVG** almost everywhere throughout interior with trout coming well to fly and troll. Limit catches plentiful in Peterhope, Glimpse, Le Jeune, Paul, Knouff, Kelly, Skaha and Horse rivers. Most effective flies are Grizzly King, Green and Grey Sedge, Black Gnat. **FVG** also in coastal lakes, with lower Campbell best bet. Interior **OVG**; coast **OG.**

VERMONT: Despite excellent conditions, angling pressure light. Spy can advance no reasons for lack of anglers, as record number of licenses were sold. New Haven River, an excellent fly stream, reports a mere handful of casters. **OVG** for rainbows on Lamoille between Morrisville and Hardwick and in Wolcott section. Rainbows active for spin-fishermen on lower Winooski River. Lake St. Catherine hotspot for lakers.

WASHINGTON: Ross Lake **SO** Sunday, June 30, not July 1 as incorrectly listed in regulations. Warm weather has not quieted all west-side lakes. Sutherland, Crescent, Leland, Crocker, Summit, Lawrence, Spanaway, McIntosh and Cushman remain steady producers.

PENNSYLVANIA: Letort Springs Run, once one of state's most famous trout streams, has staged comeback, is now hottest spot in central state. One knowledgeable veteran has found Grey Jeffrey flies most effective there. Below Brandtsville Dam on Yellow Breeches, he advises that Black Gnat will give action. **OG.**

MONTANA: Salmon fly hatch expected soon on Madison River, where best fishing of season will be found until July 10 when hatch ends. Madison **C**, and **FG** below Ennis. Best lake is Tiber Reservoir near Shelby. **OP** for large rivers except Madison until mid-July.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Warm weather has brought in top fly-fishing of season in White Mountains and remainder of north country. In far north, upper Connecticut River between North Stratford and Beecher's Falls, and between first Connecticut Lake and Lake Francis, producing both rainbows and brooks, with Light Cahill and Adams most effective flies. Hutmaster of Appalachian Mountain Club reports ponds in Millsfield-Erroll section providing excellent fly-fishing. Southern streams **L**, but still producing for early morning and evening fisherman.

CALIFORNIA—Check following north California streams for fine June angling: Upper Mad and Van Duzen rivers, north fork of Yuba, Merced below El Portal, Kings below Big Creek, Tule River, all forks of the Kaweah. Smaller creeks of Butte county. **L** and **C**, are best of season. **FVG** in Owens River at Pleasant Valley Dam on east slope of Sierra.

**TUNA:** NEW JERSEY: First school tuna of year taken at week's end some 50 miles southeast of Manasquan Inlet. Fish to 50 pounds were boated, and **OG.**

**STRIPED BASS:** CALIFORNIA: Incoming migration continuing, and bait fishing paying off in San Pablo and Suisun bays. Anchovies and sardines favorite food presently. **OG.**

MASSACHUSETTS: Fishing improving from Nauset Beach at Orleans, with plugs best on morning tides. Charter boats also taking them from Cape Cod Bay. Early last week, 51-pounder was taken from Canal at 4:45 a.m. by Manuel Rezendes of New Bedford. A whale drove stripers out of Canal later in week, but they have reappeared, with Herring Run and Cribbing now hotspots. Spy suggests eelskin-covered plug or live herring.

**BLACK BASS:** FLORIDA: Heavy rains of past two weeks left bass waters of northwest state **M**, but after clearing fishing is expected to improve. **OF/G.**

MISSOURI: Best smallmouth report in state last week was from upper Black River. **OG** for live-bait fishing if mighty rainy days are followed by a few mighty dry ones.

NEW JERSEY: Hot sunny weather brought out large throngs for statewide and Delaware River **SO** June 15. Both largemouth and smallmouth inhabit Lakes Hopatcong and Big Swartswood where **FG.** Smallmouth abound in Delaware, where fishing pressure has always been light. Jersey agent suspects scarcity of rowboat liveries is one reason.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: General **SO** July 1, preceded by special fly season for smallmouth June 15–30 on Lake Sunapee. Although restricted to fly-fishing, trolling is permitted. Experts favor Brown Hackle, Black Gnat and Colonel Fuller as most productive bass flies.

**ATLANTIC SALMON:** NEW BRUNSWICK: **FP** in all New Brunswick rivers, including Restigouche, but drifters report several at river mouths. Annual 60,000-cord pulpwood drive down St. John River makes salmon-angling hazardous. **OF.**

NOVA SCOTIA: Forty-five salmon landed in western rivers last week. Old reliable Medway led field with 22, followed by Lahave with 10. If promised rains are heavy, **OVG** for entire province.

**PACIFIC SALMON:** OREGON: **FP** in Oregon's coastal waters from Coos Bay north. Storm early in week bringing heavy seas and churning sand, scattered herring and salmon. **O** only **F** at present but, if two or three days of calm water ensue, fish should be close-in again by next weekend.

WASHINGTON: Many observers say: "Seen more salmon in past three weeks than in past three years." Fishing first-rate in northern coastal waters. Only negative report in state from Westport Neah Bay anglers scoring from Waddah Island to Tatoosh, and kings are in at Ediz Hook off Port Angeles, which reported best salmon weekend in two years. First daylight sees best action at Whistler Buoy off LaPush, where Harley McKibben of LaPush took 36½-pounder on dodger and whole herring, heavily leaded. Mooching and trolling flashers equally successful off Sekiu. **OVG.**

**BONEFISH:** FLORIDA: Weather perfect, **FVG** from Key Largo to Dry Tortugas. Homer Brunkhorst, Jacksonville, landed four bones in 10-pound class with spinning tackle and live shrimp off Matecumbe. **OVG.**

**SNOOK:** FLORIDA: Snook in large numbers have been sighted in Flamingo area of Cape Sable and are best fished with feather or spoon dropped in close to mangroves. **FG/OG.**

**BLUEFISH:** NEW YORK: Large blues from 9 to 11½ pounds being taken right around Montauk Point by surf casters.

NORTH CAROLINA: Several offshore blues in 10-pound bracket were taken by cruisers out of Oregon Inlet and Hatteras. R. J. Jackson, Butler, Pa., brought in nice 10½-pounder. **OG.**

LOUISIANA: Blues biting at night by light of offshore oil-rig flares. Five New Orleanians boated 300 in 4-pound class around rigs off Empire last week. **OG.**

NEW JERSEY: **FVG** for large blues on deep-trolled lures off Cape May, and many small fish biting three to seven miles off Bay Head. Chumming successful, but method not widely used yet. **OG.**

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

1—Don Todd 3—I N P, A P (3), I N P 4—left A P, Hy Peskin, U P 9, 12-14—Richard Meek 10—Grey Villet LIFE 11—A P; 21, 23—drawings by Ajay 24 U P, A P (2), Chicago Sun Times 25—I N P, A P 26, 27—left & right, G. A. Smallstreed Jr Columbus Dispatch; center, Arthur Greenspan Columbus Dispatch 39—Richard Clarkson, 40- I N P 45 U P 46 Larry Sharkey Los Angeles Times 48, 49—Phil Bath 51—I N P 52—Leo Fruthoff—55—Hy Peskin

# COMING EVENTS June 21 through June 30

**FRIDAY, JUNE 21**

**Baseball**
- Chicago Cubs vs. New York Giants, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual)

**Boxing**
- Joe Giambra vs. Rory Calhoun, middleweights (10 rds.),
- Syracuse, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC)

**Horse Racing**
Spring Maiden Steeplechase, $7,500, 4-yr.-olds & up, 2 m., Delaware Park, Del.

**Horse Show**
Fairfield Horse Show, Fairfield, Conn. (through June 24).

**Track & Field**
National AAU Meet, Dayton (through June 22).

**SATURDAY, JUNE 22**

**Auto Racing**
24-Hour Sports Car Endurance Race, Le Mans, France (through June 23)
SCCA National Championship Classic 150-mile final, Elkhart Lake, Wis. (through June 23)
USAC National Championship Race, Detroit.

**Baseball**
- Milwaukee Braves vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Milwaukee, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)
- New York Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)
- St. Louis Cardinals vs. Brooklyn Dodgers, St. Louis, 2:15 p.m. (CBS)

**Boating**
Annapolis-Newport Ocean Sailing Race
Detroit Memorial Race (unlimited hydros), Detroit.
Merrill G. Mills Sailing Trophy Race, Toledo. (Crew)
Central Ontario R.A. Regatta, London, Ont.
- 55th Annual IRA Championship Regatta, Syracuse, N.Y. (NBC*)

**Horse Racing**
- Coaching Club Oaks, $60,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, 1⅛ m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:45 p.m. (NBC)
Dover Stakes, $10,000, 2-yr.-olds, 5½ f., Delaware Park, Del.
George Brundage Memorial, $7,500, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 m. and 70 yds., Ak-Sar-Ben, Neb.
Inglewood Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.
- Myrtlewood Handicap, $20,000, 2-yr.-olds & up, 6 f., Arlington Park, Ill., 6:40 p.m. (NBC)
- New Castle Stakes, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up (fillies and mares), 1 1 16 m., Delaware Park, Del., 5:20 p.m. (NBC).

**SUNDAY, JUNE 23**

**Baseball**
- New York Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual).

**Dog Show**
Staten Island Kennel Club Show, Staten Island, N.Y.

**Golf**
NCAA Championships, Colorado Springs, Colo. (through June 29)

**Motorcycling**
National Championship 100-mile Road Race, Laconia, N.H.

**MONDAY, JUNE 24**

**Boxing**
Joey Giardello vs. Joe Gray, middleweights (10 rds.), Detroit
Hogan Bassey vs. Cherif Hamia, featherweight title (15 rds.), Paris
Ralph Dupas vs. Joe Micah, welterweights (10 rds.), New Orleans
- Tony DiBlasa vs. Gale Kelwin, welterweights (10 rds.), St. Nick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (DuMont)

**Golf**
Vermont State Open Tournament, $1,500, Fairlee, Vt. (through June 25)

**Horse Racing**
The Wilhelm, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

**Tennis**
Southern California Jr. Championships, boys and girls, Los Angeles (through June 30)
Middle States Clay Court Championships, Wilmington, Del. (through June 29)
Southern Girls' Championships, Chattanooga (through June 29)
Wimbledon Championships, London (through July 6).

**TUESDAY, JUNE 25**

**Baseball**
- Chicago Cubs vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual)

**Horse Racing**
Ak-Sar-Ben Breeders' Special, $4,000, 3-yr.-olds (state bred accredited), 1 m. and 70 yds., Ak-Sar-Ben, Neb.

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26**

**Auto Racing**
NASCAR Convertible Division Race, Philadelphia.
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Norfolk, Va.
NASCAR Short Track Division Race, Evansville, Ind.

**Baseball**
- Boston Red Sox vs. Chicago White Sox, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)

**Boxing**
- Bobby Boyd vs. Rocky Castellani, middleweights (10 rds.), Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)

**Golf**
Western Open, $25,000, Detroit (through June 29).

**Horse Racing**
The National Stallion, $15,000, 2-yr.-old colts, 5 f., Belmont Park, N.Y.
The Primer Stakes, $15,000, 2-yr.-olds, 5½ f., Arlington Park, Ill.

**Tennis**
College Girls' Championship, St. Louis (through June 30)

**THURSDAY, JUNE 27**

**Baseball**
- New York Yankees vs. Cleveland Indians, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)

**Boating**
National Mercury Sailing Championships, Balboa, Calif. (through June 30)

**Boxing**
Mickey Crawford vs. Pat Lowry, welterweights (10 rds.), Saginaw, Mich.

**Golf**
5th Women's Open Championship, $7,500, Mamaroneck, N.Y. (through June 29)

**Horse Racing**
Westchester Stakes, $20,000, 2-yr.-old colts and geldings (nonswaapstakes winners), 5½ f., Hollywood Park, Calif. (Trotters)
The Motor City Pace, $15,000, Livonia, Mich.
W. H. Cane Sluke, $65,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

**FRIDAY, JUNE 28**

**Auto Racing**
NASCAR Short Track Division Race, Manassas, Va.

**Baseball**
- Chicago Cubs vs. Brooklyn Dodgers, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual)

**Boxing**
- Larry Boardman vs. Johnny Busso, lightweights (10 rds.),
- Boston, 10 p.m. (NBC)

**Fishing Tourneys**
International Women's Fishing Assn. Bonefish Tournament, Islamorada, Fla. (through June 29)
7th Flin Flon Trout Festival, Clearwater Lake to Lynn Lake, Canada (through July 1)

**Horse Racing**
Indian River Steeplechase Handicap, $10,000, 4-yr.-olds & up, 2½ m., Delaware Park, Del. (Trotters)
The Laurel Invitational, $15,000, Laurel, Md.

**Track & Field**
National Decathlon Championships, Kingsburg, Calif. (through June 29)

**SATURDAY, JUNE 29**

**Auto Racing**
SCCA National Rally, Central New York State (through June 30)
The Monza "500," Monza, Italy
NASCAR Convertible Division Race, Chicago.
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Spartanburg, S.C.

**Baseball**
- Milwaukee Braves vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, Milwaukee, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)
- Washington Senators vs. Chicago White Sox, Washington, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)
- Boston Red Sox vs. Detroit Tigers, Boston, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)

**Boxing**
Tommy Tibbs vs. Paul Armstead, featherweights (10 rds.), Hollywood, Calif.

**Horse Racing**
Delaware Handicap, $110,000, 3-yr.-olds & up (fillies and mares), 1¼ m., Delaware Park, Del.
Laurance Armour Memorial, $20,000, 3-yr.-olds, 7 f., Arlington Park, Ill.
Omaha Handicap, $7,500, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/16 m., Ak-Sar-Ben, Neb.
Roseben Handicap, $20,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 7 f., Belmont Park, N.Y.
Vanity Handicap, $35,000, 3-yr.-olds & up (fillies and mares), 1⅛ m., Hollywood Park, Calif. (Trotters)
New England Pacing Derby, $10,000, Foxboro, Mass.

**Tennis**
Eastern Clay Court Championships, Hackensack, N.J. (through July 7)

**SUNDAY, JUNE 30**

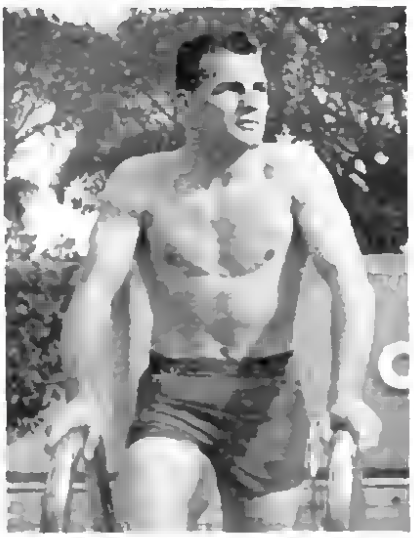
**Baseball**
- Boston Red Sox vs. Detroit Tigers, Boston, 2 p.m. (Mutual)

**Boating**
Pacific International Yachting Assn. Regatta, Seattle (through July 5).

*See local listing

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# FAME CALLS ON

## BEN HOGAN

*Says:*

*Open winners . . . epitomize golf at its best, and so does the Open. . . .*

*When Ben Hogan, the favorite, was forced to withdraw from the 57th Open last week because of a back ailment,* SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *asked him to record the results of his minute, week-long study of the course and the field. What follows is Hogan's.*

THERE ARE few things harder to do when your heart is set on competing than to watch other people play golf. However, on Friday afternoon—the afternoon of the second round of the Open—my pleurisy felt much better, and I thought I would go out and walk a few holes and observe some of my old friends in action in this greatest of all tournaments. As I walked over Inverness, watching Jimmy Demaret and Peter Thomson and Jackie Burke and Cary Middlecoff and the other fine players in contention hitting their shots, a number of old and familiar thoughts I've had about the Open and what it takes to win this uniquely demanding championship kept circulating through my mind. They might be of interest to golfing readers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

To begin with, though there are some 160-odd players who annually have the honor of teeing off in the National Open, very few actually have a chance to win or feel, deep down in their hearts, that they can win. Quite a large percentage of the field simply hopes to perform creditably in order to return home with a well-earned if modest sense of glory. Then there is another type of player—those fellows who have their sights set on "making the cut" and playing the last 36 holes. And there are the players whose goal is to land with the top 10 or the top five players. But, as I say, the men who have come to win the Open are few in number.

These men who have come to win, who can win, must possess certain equipment. The Open is a stern test of golf. On the day of the second round this year, because of the heavy rains the night before, the greens could not be cut and several of the back tees were

*continued*

## HERBERT WARREN WIND

*Reports:*

*The championship in 1957 produced three heroes of equal stature*

ONE OF THE GAME'S most economically precise stylists is the new U.S. Open Golf Champion. Long acknowledged also to be one of the finest putters in golf, Alvin Richard Mayer—a handsome, blond, 34-year-old circuit campaigner who has served a hard 10 years' apprenticeship in his profession—achieved this eminence over the Inverness Course on the outskirts of Toledo this past weekend. After tying for the top with the defending champion, Dr. Cary Middlecoff, he defeated Middlecoff 72–79, in an 18-hole playoff. On a humid afternoon, with the thermometer hovering around 98°, Mayer played heady, conservative golf from the first tee and coasted home against an opponent who had expended his last reserves of concentration and fire in a magnificent stretch run the day before.

Person-to-person playoffs invariably pack substantial drama but, in candor, this was and had to be a strict anticlimax after the exhausting, exciting finish of the 72-hole grind of the tournament proper on Saturday afternoon. For a while, at midday on Saturday, when the final 36 holes were played under blazing sun, it looked as if no one really wanted to win the tournament—contending golfer after contending golfer in the closely packed field feeling the intense and protracted strain the Open always produces. Even the usually impervious Doug Ford wilted, taking all of 41 blows (5 bogeys and one double bogey) on the first nine of his third round and an ultimate 80 that put him completely out of the running in a tournament which he seemed to be in an excellent position to win. And then, as the blistering hot afternoon and the final round wore on, three golfers suddenly caught fire.

The first was the veteran Jimmy Demaret, undoubtedly the sentimental favorite, the leader going into the final round with a three-quarter mark of 211—68, 73, 70. Jimmy has won three Masters and a slew of other important tournaments over his long and honestly distinguished career, but never the Open. At Inverness, just when he seemed to have thrown away the chance

*continued*

# DICK MAYER

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
JUNE 24, 1957



DICK MAYER'S PUTT WHICH LED TO THE PLAYOFF. "JUST DELICATELY ENOUGH TO TAKE A SUBTLE BREAK AND TOPPLE INTO THE CUP"

# BEN HOGAN

*continued*

too muddy for use, and, as I saw it, the Inverness course was playing quite a bit easier than an Open course ordinarily does. The standard Open course is lengthy, and its fairways are extremely narrow, and the greens are the fastest you meet all year, and the rough is the roughest you meet all year. To cope with such a test of skill, a golfer, as I say, must possess certain equipment: he must have a truly sound and well-rounded game. Each course selected and groomed for the Open varies in some respects from other Open courses. A golfer cannot tell what one year's Open course will call for in the way of shot-making until he actually arrives at the scene and begins to practice. He must have a well-rounded game or else he cannot adapt it to the particular character of the particular test; he must be ready for all kinds of conditions.

However, you can be sure that wherever the Open is played, because of the narrow fairways and punishing rough, a serious contender must have two kinds of tee shots in his repertoire. First, he has to have a safe tee shot, a drive that he can be reasonably sure he can keep on the fairway regardless of how wasp-waisted it may be. Second, he must have an all-out tee shot, a bigger tee shot that he can be reasonably sure will end up somewhere on the golf course. I am purposely exaggerating in this latter case. What I mean is this: there are certain holes where getting out a good distance from the tee is so cardinally important that a player must be able to let out and hit a drive some 20 to 25 yards longer than his safe drive, even at the risk of ending up in the rough as he goes for distance.

Now, having these two types of tee shots in your bag presupposes having a certain over-all plan for playing the Open. This is absolutely essential. What you're trying to arrive at is the lowest score at the end of 72 holes. You're not trying to be a Goliath for nine holes or even for one particular round. You've got to think in terms of four rounds. To accomplish this, you must have a clear conception of how you're going to tackle each of the 18 holes.

Sometimes your plan won't work out, but you must start with a plan. You must decide clearly which are the holes you should play offensively (with an all-out tee shot) and which are the holes that will respond best if you play them defensively (with a shorter but safe tee shot). It is my very strong belief that Open courses must be approached defensively, in the main. Staying out of trouble by plotting your course prudently is the key to scoring well. At Inverness, for example, it was my plan to play defensively on 11 of the 14 par-4 holes. The only par 4s which I would have attacked with all-out tee shots were the 4th, the 9th and the 14th, each of which measures over 460 yards from the championship tees to the green and, consequently, is extremely difficult to hit with your second shot unless you hit a very long drive. The one par-5 on the course, the 12th, also had to be played offensively, in my estimation, for two good full woods would set you up for your birdie. On all the rest of the holes, let me repeat, defensive tactics seemed the wisest to me, with avoiding the troublesome rough the primary consideration. In this regard I had intended to play the 10th hole by aiming my tee shot down the adjoining first fairway. That first fairway is almost twice as wide as the extra-narrow fairway on the dogleg 10th. True, I would have needed to play a four- or a five-iron to reach the 10th green from my lie on the first fairway and only a six- or a seven-iron to reach from the 10th fairway, but the 10th green sets up very well when you approach it from the first, and I thought the shot, though longer, was at least as easy. For another thing, with the 10th fairway so terribly hard to hit, there was always the chance that, playing from the heavy rough, you might put your approach into the ditch before the green and easily pick up a double bogey for your troubles.



**GUEST CORRESPONDENT** Ben Hogan chats cheerfully with old friend and rival, Jimmy Demaret, on the Inverness course. Demaret was one of the tournament's three heroes.

### DEFENSIVE PUTTING

Another essential part of the equipment of any golfer who would win the Open is to be a reliable approach putter. Your attitude toward putting must also be defensive in this tournament. Even when you're putting from 15 to 20 feet, on the fast, slick Open greens you cannot really go for the

cup. Miss the cup and you have a five-footer, or longer, coming back. As a matter of fact, even when you're putting a three-footer, you must hit your putts so that "you're killing the ball at the hole"—so that the ball dies just as it hits the cup.

There are a lot of other considerations that must go into the thinking of any serious contender in the Open. He must always know on which side of the fairway he should make his error, so that the price will not be costly. As he plays and runs into error, as every player is bound to, he must accept that error and a probable bogey on that hole and not try to pull off some impossibly brilliant stroke and collect a double bogey or more for his foolishness. And, above and beyond this command of round-planning and shotmaking, a potential Open champion must be a seasoned player with a winning frame of mind. Very few young golfers win the Open because the event takes terrific knowledge and composure. You must be able to keep all your faculties under control in the face of the inevitable confusion, the immense crowds, the slippery greens, the rugged rough, the constant encounters with friends and greeters, and the plain pressure which are all part of the Open picture.

This is the equipment the Open calls for. I am always in hopes that the golfer who wins the Open will always be a player who has these high skills and attributes, for it is a great trophy and historical justice is done when it is won by golfers of the first caliber, men who have proved themselves before the championship and will go on to be potential winners of future Opens. They epitomize golf at its best and so does the Open.

The fact that Middlecoff and Dick Mayer reached the playoff together pleased me very much in that they are both well-seasoned players. Middlecoff is capable of tremendous power off the tee when he needs it and possesses a strong all-round game. Mayer, the new Open champion, is a terrific putter, and he too has the fine, over-all game that one must have to win this major test of golf. He deserves the reward which has come to him after so many hard years of consistently good play.

No championship calls for as much work in preparation or in playing, but if you love golf, there's nothing like it. Much as I enjoyed watching my colleagues out at Inverness, I trust I still am much too young to become a spectator at our national championship. Already I am looking forward to being on the firing line once again next year.

## HERBERT WARREN WIND

*continued*

of a lifetime, golf's glamorous grandfather somehow pulled himself together and came whistling down the last four holes birdie, par, birdie, par. This altogether gallant finish gave Jimmy a final 72 and a four-round score of 283, a stroke less than the total compiled by Julius Boros, with whom Demaret was paired and whom he had trailed by three shots with four holes to play.

### SILENT GALLERY

The second man who moved was Mayer (70, 68, 74=212 for his first three rounds). Dick was walking to the 17th (or 71st) tee, followed by a slim and silent gallery, at the moment Demaret holed out. Mayer needed two pars to tie Demaret's 283, a par and a birdie to win. On the 17th, a moderate length par 4, Dick made his par after dropping his approach some 30 feet above the pin. The 18th at Inverness is a 330-yard par 4 that falls from an elevated tee into a tight little valley. A series of bunkers cuts into the fairway along the left, the right side is also strongly trapped and the plateau green (which slopes from back to front) is guarded by three more bunkers, foremostly by a deep frontal bunker whose five-foot wall obscures the lower half of the green. On Saturday, the pin on the home hole was located some 20 feet directly behind this commanding frontal bunker. An eminently birdieable hole, yes, provided you hit three first-class shots. Mayer did: a dead straight tee shot which he played with a four-wood to keep short of the bunkers; a wedge, cut just an elegant fraction, which sat down some nine feet past and above the cup; and then an absolutely superb putt, neither babied nor bolted but tapped just delicately enough to take a subtle break and topple into the cup. (Demaret's comment, after watching Mayer's finish from a clubhouse window, was typical of his irrevocable generousness of spirit: "The boy certainly made a wonderful, wonderful putt.")

The third man to charge down the stretch like old Snapper Garrison was Cary Middlecoff. Cary was on the 13th (or 67th) tee when he received word of Mayer's 282. To tie with Mayer, Cary would have to pick up two birdies over the final six holes and to do this, as he knew, would require brilliant shotmaking and a touch of luck. Cary had a crack for his bird from 20 feet on the



**MAGIC PUTTER** which contributed most to his win is affectionately fondled by Mayer.

67th, missed it on the right. He had no chance for a birdie on the 68th, where his iron approach finished on the right fringe of the green. On the 69th– here he hooked his tee shot deep into the rough but fortunately found it lying well—he saved his par by holing a six-footer. But holes were running out fast for Cary. Now there were only three left to play and he still had to pick up those two birdies. On the 70th, he got one, holing a sizable putt after a perfectly struck approach with a middle-iron. On the 71st, where the green slopes drastically from back to front, the pin was set near the front edge. Concentrating on keeping his approach below the pin, Cary hit it a shade too light, finished on the front fringe and had to settle for a par. Now the 72nd and his final chance. Using his driver, Middlecoff really whaled one here, a full 285 yards down the heart of the fairway. Throughout the tournament he had appeared to be in the most genuinely relaxed frame of mind that he has demonstrated in any competition, major or minor, over the past several years. While he still took his copious time to prepare for each shot, he fiddled less anxiously than he usually does. Slow, yes, but pacific. Finally he was ready. He clipped his little 40-yard pitch deftly over that frontal trap, about 15 feet to the right of the pin, trusting that the roll of the green would bring it down into

*continued*



MIDDLECOFF, CLIMAXING THRILLING CHASE OF EARLY LEADER MAYER, SENDS 40-YARD PITCH SHOT FLOATING TO 72NO GREEN

## HERBERT WARREN WIND

*continued*

the pin. It did a trifle, but not as much as Middlecoff was counting on. He had a nine-footer left now for that all-important birdie—a very tough putt, slightly downhill, with a faint right-to-left borrow. He holed it as beautifully as Mayer had previously holed his nine-footer. 282.

### HOGAN OUT

Few Opens have provided such furious finishes as the 1957 edition, and, conversely, few have started so slowly. On Thursday, the morning of the first round, the tournament was hardly an hour old when its whole complexion was abruptly altered. Ben Hogan, out for his fifth championship and looming as ever as one of the really formidable factors, was due to tee off at 9:36. A few minutes before this time, Ben reported to the officials at the first tee and informed them that he did not think he could play. Ben, in fact, could not raise his arms above his chest without wincing with pain. He did not know, he explained later, exactly how his malady had come about, but he thought he had probably caught it the previous day when he had practiced for two hours and sweated hard without protecting himself sufficiently from the puffy wind. In any event, he had tried over the night to relieve the painful binding in his chest and back muscles by applying ointment and using heating pads, but he had awakened so tied up that, warming up on the practice tee, it was all he could do to hit a three-iron 140 yards.

The USGA officials deferred Hogan's starting time to 10:32. At 10:30, after visiting a doctor for therapy, Ben reported back to the first tee, bundled up with a gray sweater and black rain jacket over his woolen shirt. "I'm sorry," he said quietly to Richard Tufts, the president of the USGA, and the other officials, "I just can't make it." He explained to the press men that he thought of his ailment as "a cold in the back," that the doctor called it neuralgia of the chest wall. It would be gone in three or four days, he said. Back in the locker room, Hogan gave his caddie $50, and then, as he changed from his spikes into his street shoes, the physical pain he was under began to show through his amazing restraint and he looked very weary indeed.

"Ben, we all feel lousy about this," one of the numerous friends who had come over to his locker said to him. "I sure would have liked to have had a pop at it," Hogan answered unmelodramatically, "but there are a lot of people who can't play golf today, and they've got worse things wrong with them than a cold in the back." He was off to have a cup of coffee.

At 11 o'clock, when the shock of Hogan's withdrawal was only beginning to be assimilated, the tournament came to a sudden halt. A terrific wind and rain storm—shades of Vardon and the 1920 Open—suddenly swept out of the southwest. In a twinkling, it turned the whole Inverness area into a wild, Alfred Hitchcock kind of night. Tents were blown down, scoreboards toppled and trees were doubled over eerily in the solid dark fog of rain. Play, of course, had to be stopped. For a while there was speculation that the entire first day's golf would have to be postponed, but after a half hour the storm had spent itself, and shortly after noon play was officially resumed.

Eventually, because of this delay, the last five threesomes to start out were unable to finish their rounds before darkness, but the wonder was, really, that this was the extent of the damage inflicted. Inverness is a hardy old course that drains rapidly and well. At the same time, however, the storm (and the subsequent light afternoon showers) considerably changed the character of the greens. The day before the tournament, they had been almost as slick and as fast as Oakmont in its glassy prime. In fact, the greens on two holes, the 7th and 17th, were close to being impossible. Both these greens, the 17th in particular, slope radically from the back to the front, and even the most daintily tapped side-hiller would slip and slip five feet below the hole, 10 feet below, sometimes 15 or 20 before it stopped skidding. (Tom Fitzgerald of the *Boston Globe* suggested that the flag on the 17th might well be removed and replaced with a banner bearing that strange, historic one-word device, TILT.) Artful pin-positioning and the overnight growth of the grass undoubtedly would have made these two greens puttable on opening day, but the drenching storm rendered these concerns academic.

For the Open, Inverness measured 6,919 yards from the back tees, and par was assessed at 34-36-70. On the opening day, the over-all scoring was lower than it generally is in the national championship. Starting the defense of his title, Middlecoff was around



CROWD JAMMED AROUND FINAL HOLE HOLDS ITS BREATH AS HE CURLS NINE-FOOT PUTT INTO CUP FOR TIE FORCING A PLAYOFF

in 71, a commendable effort considering that Cary missed an 18-inch putt on the 5th and, right on top of this, an even shorter one on the 6th. He digested these misfortunes quite calmly, stayed with his round and made something of it. All in all, 11 players equaled or broke par on the opening day, Jimmy Demaret and Chick Harbert leading the parade with 68s. Demaret made his round on and around the green. Jimmy—he is presently setting his age at 46, although it is rumored in reliable quarters that he and Harry Vardon toured America together in 1900—started his round by holing a wedge shot from the rough off the first green for a birdie 3. He poked in a good-sized putt for another birdie on the third and stayed even with par the rest of the route, driving well and holing everything in sight. Jimmy had about 26 putts for the round.

On Friday, the day of the second 18, Jimmy, putting like a normal human being, added a 73. His total of 141 placed him three shots behind the leaders at the halfway mark, Dick Mayer and Billy Joe Patton, both of whom were 68 on a course that had been amply watered again by further storms at night. Now the greens were anything but fast for Open greens, very holding, too. Additionally, with many of the recently constructed back tees rendered much too muddy for use, the course was playing decidedly shorter and, naturally, considerably easier. Patton and Mayer, however, were the only two who were able to take advantage of these eminently scorable conditions. Mayer, who looks for all the world like the white-flannel-and-blazer-clad leading man of a 1920s musical comedy, came bursting down the last six holes with a 4 and five 3s. Patton, out uncharacteristically in nine straight pars, birdied the 10th with a great seven-iron two feet from the stick, holed from 15 feet for another birdie on the 11th, slowed himself down by visiting a fir tree on the long 12th and then, after five straight pars, grabbed himself another birdie on the home hole when he all but holed out his wedge approach. There is nothing dull about this man.

### 20 FINAL CONTENDERS

With the final 36 to go on Saturday —and it was not simply the absence of Hogan that made it seem this way— it was indeed a wide open Open. No less than 20 players were clustered between 138 and 146. Two hot rounds could win for any of them. Walter Burkemo (with a 72 and a 65) and Fred Hawkins (with two 71s) were solid all day long, and Roberto de Vicenzo, Ken Venturi and Julius Boros certainly played strong Opens. (Chewing on a blade of grass as he meandered around the course, Boros had two 70s on Saturday and seemed a very possible winner until he missed two of the last four greens.) However, the day and the tournament belonged to the top three. To Mayer, the man who blew the 1954 Open at Baltusrol by pushing his drive into the rough on the par-5 72nd and taking a crushing seven, here at Inverness overcoming that incalculable psychological burden and playing the 72nd with three shots which could not possibly have been struck more sweetly or more crisply. A great performance. And to Middlecoff, back on his game again, thanks, as he explained, to two pre-tournament tips: Byron Nelson detected that his right heel was not firmly planted at address and was leading to variable timing; Pat Abbott had pointed out that he had been taking the club back too much inside the desired line. When he is on, Middlecoff is probably the most brilliant striker of the ball in golf today, and no one could have been on-er than Cary was as he played the last 36 holes in 136 strokes, making up a full eight shots on the leaders.

And above all, perhaps, the day belonged to James Newton Demaret. Think of it: there he was, losing the lead he carried into the last round, unable to get started, seemingly too spent to be able to do anything about it. And what did the old war horse do? On the 69th, a demanding par 4, he rifled a patented Demaret left-to-right long-iron less than two feet from the cup. That shot and the birdie it set up roused his tired old bones. He scrambled out his par from the rough by the green on the 70th. On the 71st, compensating for his fatigue by playing his approach with a five-iron although he was only about a seven-iron from the flag, he punched a lovely shot nine feet from the hole and rammed it home like a lion. On the home hole, in charge of an Open after many years of frustration, he was right down the middle and had his four all the way.

It is the acme of irony to wait so long for an Open crown, to play so courageously, to think you've finally got it, and then to find you haven't. It was no fault of Demaret's, however, that in Middlecoff and Mayer the 1957 Open happened to produce heroes of equal stature. END

*PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALKER EVANS*

# *HENLEY FOREVER*

*The posh pageant that is the Henley Royal Regatta holds first place in the hearts of rowing regulars the world over*

MOST normal sports-minded Englishmen—which means practically all of those beyond the bassinet—take it quietly for granted that the Henley Royal Regatta stands as a splendid and immovable period piece in a world where somebody is always heaving the furniture about. After all, for 118 years they have managed to keep it that way, and today Henley is still Henley, a grand old rowing classic that goes on as serene and unchanged as the beautiful reaches of the Thames where it is held.

For four days in the first week of July every year, the regatta transforms the sloping meadow and shaded lawns on either side of the course. Candy-striped marquees like the one on page 18 blossom on the shores while punts and houseboats are moored in nudging intimacy behind the booms which protect the course. The ladies brighten the scene in their prettiest and summeriest frocks. The males, like the young bloods from The King's School, Canterbury, shown opposite, top their white flannels with blazers and band their boaters with colors so startling that any competent ornithologist would recognize it as mating plumage. Young swains take their girls boating on the Thames, and splayfooted old family retainers serve tea parties on the lawn.

These things persist in spite of the fact that the regatta is regularly set upon by the barbarians in the form of competitors from the Continent, from America and from sundry parts of Asia and Africa. Two years ago, for instance, the Russians invaded Henley for the second year in a row, and this time the shaven-pated men from Moscow first set officials on their ears by withdrawing their much-heralded entries in the regatta when a dock strike held up the unloading of their shells. Then, after issuing an uncomplimentary manifesto, the Russians finally re-entered and, to nobody's joy, won three trophies.

"Sturdy oarsmen," murmured one Old Blue in the tight-lipped way which distinguishes a Henley regular. "After a few years, I'm sure they could get the hang of it."

Before the Russians came along, the most publicized single dust-up at Henley concerned a young Philadelphia ex-bricklayer who is listed on the records as J. B. Kelly. The familiar version of the Kelly story is that young John came to Henley in 1920 to compete for the Diamond Challenge Sculls but was barred for having once worked with his hands. As a matter of fact, Henley did have a rule disqualifying workingmen (since abolished), but Kelly was thrown out because he represented the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia, at that time permanently excluded from Henley for "professionalism." Kelly, however, took the whole thing as a slur to the workingman and left in anger. He went on to win the Olympic sculling gold medal and promptly posted King George V (who had paid only one brief visit to Henley in his life) his sweaty rowing cap. His Irish dander still up, Kelly returned to the States and began training John Jr. And sure enough John Jr. won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, not once, but twice, in 1947 and 1949. And then, of course, John Sr. married off daughter Grace to a prince to complete the story.

It was not until late in the 19th century that Henley decided that a gentleman could be an amateur but an artisan could not. In its early days it was not so fussy—not fussy at all. The races started as a purely commercial scheme in 1839 and by 1851 Henley had become ultrafashionable and added Royal to its name because H.R.H. Prince Albert became its patron. By that time Henley was the poshest and most famous racing course in the world, and the Grand Challenge Cup and Diamond Sculls represented the absolute pinnacles of rowing success.

Albert was Prince Consort to Victoria and since his time Henley has retained a sort of decorous Victorian raffishness. Certainly it's the only place in the world an Englishman would wear a shrimp-pink tie. But things never get out of hand, even the cheering. "Rowed, House" is the murmur which sweeps the tightly packed enclosures, and one knows Christ Church, Oxford has won the Ladies' Challenge Plate from Pembroke College, Cambridge; and one knows also that Henley, like ancient China, will always assimilate its invaders without sacrificing any of its sloshy, old-fashioned charm.

—JOE DAVID BROWN



## *THE HENLEY BLAZER*

Henley's piped school blazer has now found its way to America. John Durand of New York (*above*) wears one of gray Viyella, piped with Oxford gray. It also comes in scarlet or navy ($59.50, Saks Fifth Avenue).







*Bending forward for the final pull to the finish, the London Rowing Club crew surges past the grandstand pavilion during the semifinals of the Grand Challenge Cup race in Henley's Royal Regatta*



*Decked out in pink blazer and cap of Westminster School, Christopher Fisher joins family for tea under shade of striped awning set up behind Henley grandstand*

# CREWS ACROSS THE SEA

*With only one big race left on the American college rowing calendar, the two best U.S. crews are heading for the Henley Regatta to settle a rivalry that has raged all season*

THE SPORT OF ROWING, among all other sports, can claim the greatest continuity with the past. Even the Henley Royal Regatta, encrusted as it is with history, can boast only the fourth longest string of races. The granddaddy of them all, Doggett's Coat and Badge, has been run regularly since 1715, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race since 1829 and the Wingfield sculls since 1830, all on England's historic Thames. Fifth place, and the happy honor of founding the oldest permanent floating shell game on this side of the Atlantic, belongs to Harvard and Yale.

Last week, with all the pomp and hoorah that befit such an ancient rivalry, Harvard and Yale went at it for the 92nd time on the American Thames in New London, Conn. Harvard, which has won only two regattas all year, wanted the simple satisfaction of beating Yale. But for Yale there was more at stake. They had been promised a post-season trip to Henley and one more crack at Cornell, the only crew that beat them this year. They felt honor bound on the eve of their cruise overseas to defeat Harvard.

Before the race Harvard's Coach Harvey Love did his earnest best to make sure Yale wished they had stayed home. He brought up four oarsmen from the junior varsity and shifted some of the remaining varsity men. Then he sent the new combination sweeping off in a series of time trials. As race day approached, the Harvards improved enough to lead Coach Love to the brink of optimism.

"I think," he said, "we've got the right combination now. They're in good physical shape, they're rowing well and they're in good spirits. That's about all you can ask of a bunch."

Meanwhile, Yale's Coach Jim Rathschmidt maintained a tactful silence. After all, his crew had won the Olympic eight-oared championship last fall, and even though four men from the Olympic boat have since graduated, his time trials were clearly faster than Harvard's. The day of the regatta, however, he did offer this thought: "I expect a tough race. This thing is like the Army-Navy game, in a way. Past performances don't mean a thing."

When the race started, it was obvious that, as most people suspected, Harvey Love was being brave and Jim Rathschmidt was being nice. At the end of the first mile Yale was one length in front. At two miles, they were three lengths ahead. And as the two shells knifed down the narrow lane of water between the shrieking, whistle-tooting yachts lining the course, the gap between them steadily widened. A mile from home, Yale led by five. At this point Harvard made a gallant but hopeless try, raising its stroke to 33. But Yale simply raised its own stroke from 29 to 31, opened more water between the shells and finally shot across the finish line the winner by seven lengths, the biggest victory margin that either school has enjoyed in the past 17 years.

With this thudding triumph behind him, and a trip to England ahead, Jim Rathschmidt permitted himself a quiet smile. But he still wasn't saying much. The man who was doing the talking now was Cornell's Harrison (Stork) Sanford, and he was talking a little like a man with a gun in his back. "We had a bad spell here last week," he fretted, "and we weren't making any time at all. I think we're over it, though," he went on, "but we have our ups and downs. So far the downs have been in practice, and we've been up for the races. But I have to keep watching."

This was strange talk for a man whose crew, off its 1957 record, is the best in the U.S. Cornell hasn't lost a race all season, and they have beaten Yale twice, once by a length and a half and once by a foot. The present varsity, with the exception of one man, has rowed together since their freshman year. And everyone present but Coach Sanford is oozing confidence.

In spite of the record, however, Sanford may turn out to be the only realist in Ithaca. First of all, before he starts thinking about Henley and the Grand Challenge Cup, he has another race to win, namely, the Intercollegiate Rowing Association championships at Syracuse on June 22. Win or lose at the IRA, Cornell will travel to London. It would be more satisfying to everyone if Cornell arrived on the Thames undefeated. At the moment Sanford isn't too sure they will.

"We've beaten every crew that's entered in the IRA, so it's not going to be easy to fire these boys up," he said. "They're all seniors, and it's old stuff to them. But the IRA is never a picnic, and they're just going to have to be fired up."

What Sanford didn't say but what he surely knows is that if any of the other nine IRA entries should carry off an upset—and Navy's vastly improved crew has a chance of doing just that—the blow to Cornell's morale could very well affect their performance. The morale factor is particularly important because at Henley Cornell will be tackling a hopped-up Yale bunch that has suddenly jelled into a powerful crew. This crew, off the excellent stroking they showed at New London plus the fact that they will leave immediately to train on the Henley course while Cornell must stay on home waters till after the Intercollegiate championships, might well wrap up the 1957 season with one of the most exciting upsets in Henley's 118-year history.

—MORT LUND

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

**VOYAGERS FROM HISTORY • THREE COLTS AND MR. JONES • A GRADE-SCHOOL TEACHER WITH A GOOD LEFT HOOK • HELMET, SHOULDER PADS AND RED TAPE • THE CLOISTERED BASE PATHS**

### MAYFLOWER II

THE U.S. seemed to have curiously mixed emotions about the transatlantic voyage of *Mayflower II*. A great many people, including thousands in Plymouth, Mass., spoke of it a little bitterly as a publicity stunt (which, indeed, in its way it was) but in the end seemed irresistibly moved to cheers. In this day of jet air travel there was something enormously dramatic and somehow reassuring in the fact that men had spent 53 highly uncomfortable and, at times, dangerous days in a tiny wooden vessel on the Atlantic and had finally made a landfall.

A hard southwest wind was blowing at dawn on the day *Mayflower* was due at Provincetown. The harbor was rough, and sand flew along the dunes. Dimly, through the wind-whipped haze the waiting crowds finally saw something which looked, as one man said, "like a bunch of seagoing jackstraws"—*Mayflower*'s masts and rigging. She was in tow, furled sails being secured by tiny men up on her yards. The strange high-pooped hull, glowing with dark brown, yellow and blue in the mist, bucked and, at times, almost buried its bowsprit in the big seas. The big crowd on the beaches stared at the spectacle silently—entranced and moved.

*Mayflower*'s master, Australian-born Alan John Villiers, lent a more practical and matter-of-fact tone to the proceedings after he came ashore, ceremonially garbed in 17th century costume. The vessel, he said wryly, was not the worst he had ever handled—wartime LCTs, he noted, "steered like streetcars," but she was almost as bad. Also, she was an awful thing on which to live. The greatest hardships, he said, were wetness and motion. "What kind of motion?" he was asked. He replied: "'Orrible." He spoke about the awkward little ship, nevertheless, with vast affection.

*Mayflower*'s masts, at times, had "waved about like a bunch of fishing rods," but they had done their duty. So had the spritsail. Villiers admitted that he had ordered a jib cut to replace it just in case, but that the replacement had never been taken out of the sail locker. "Those old medieval chaps knew what they were about. The spritsail works beautifully." The whole ship, he thought, was "most interesting," but she had "awful imperfections. Particularly the drag. When we spoke the *Queen Elizabeth* she was leaving less wake than we."

Would he like to do it again?

"I would not," he answered, "want to make a habit of it."

Listening to bits of the adventure, looking at the tiny vessel close up, watching her whiskery Englishmen gulping fresh milk and eating steaks ashore, it was impossible not to conclude that for captain and crew the voyage of *Mayflower II* had been a sporting gesture of a high order.

### CHICAGO PAPERS PLEASE COPY

THERE WAS a time this spring when it seemed Calumet Farm might have as many as three doughty colts running in last Saturday's Belmont Stakes. But Gen. Duke picked up a bruise, and then there were two. Iron Liege won the Kentucky Derby, but he too got a bruise. Then there was only Barbizon—but Barbizon came in far back a couple of times, and then there were no Calumets at all going in the Belmont. Such a succession of bad racing luck would dishearten a lesser man, but as Trainer Jimmy Jones shipped the majority of his string off to Chicago for the Arlington Park season the other day Mr. Jimmy gave every impression of soundness and vigor.

Q. Had he read a newspaper column criticizing him for overtraining Gen. Duke? (He had not, but, with grunts and snorts, he let it be read to him.)

A. That's a lot of nonsense. What does this mean about Gen. Duke?

### CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

- **Wait Till 1958**

  At Toledo, after he had dropped out of the National Open with an ailing back, Ben Hogan was approached by a white-haired gentleman who told him: "I came all the way from Connecticut to see you play." Hogan's face showed sincere concern. "I'm certainly sorry," he said. "If you want to take the long trip to Tulsa, I hope you'll come to see me play in the Open next year."

- **Apology Requested**

  The National Collegiate Track Coaches Association joined the list of others (*see page 62*) deploring Dr. Herbert Berger's AMA speech attributing track records to the use of amphetamines by athletes. "Contrary to fact" and "unfair reflection" on athletes and coaches, they said, and asked Dr. Berger to apologize.

- **Semiprofessionalism Postponed**

  Dave Sime has postponed his plans to play semipro baseball in South Dakota—at least until after he competes in the National AAU track championships this week. Quite right, too, said Dan Ferris of the AAU. This means that college athletes who do play semipro ball may risk suspension as amateurs.

- **Imperial Accolade for Wrestling**

  Emperor Hirohito's latest poem, after watching Sumo wrestling, a sport he has long enjoyed: "What a pleasure it is to watch Sumo, clapping my hands together with the crowd of spectators, at the arena which I had not visited for so long!"

That I overtrained Gen. Duke? He was injured by a stone. I ain't training stones, I'm training horses. Right now Gen. Duke is in as good shape as sny horse in the country, training-wise. I'm going to let that injury heal, and it's almost done that already. In a month he'll be back to the races, and then they better look out. All the best of the 3-year-olds will be standin' still and my horse will look like he's running downhill.

Q. Is it possible that you have overraced Iron Liege?

A. It is possible the same as it is possible that it's going to rain lemonade. No, Iron Liege has not been overraced. He won in Jersey, remember that. He has splint trouble. Many horses do. I could have raced Iron Liege today and he would beat these horses. But I want to rest him and let nature do its job.



Q. Why did you have Ovie Scurlock announced as Iron Liege's rider for the Jersey Stakes and have Hartack on Barbizon?

A. For three reasons, two of which I will tell you about. The first is that a trainer must be sllowed certain tricks and, like a baseball manager that changes his pitchers at the last minute, it sometimes fools the opposition. The second is that Willie was feeling a little wheezy and I thought he might get sick. That would leave me without a jock. But Willie rode him anyway.

Q. Would the other reason be that at that time you thought Barbizon was coming up to a big race?

A. It might have been that—and right now that stuff falling on my head is lemonade.

Q. What races are you pointing Gen. Duke for?

A. The Arlington Classic (July 13), and I hope he can make it.

Q. Iron Liege?

A. Same race, and he will be up for that. He's a good horse to train.

Q. Do you call Iron Liege "Mike" as many in the stable do?

A. I call Iron Liege Iron Liege. If I had a horse named Mike, I'd call him Mike.

Q. Judging from what you have said, I take it that you do not agree with the criticism of your training.

A. Nope, I've got $790,000 in the kicker and by the time the year is over I'll have a lot more. And, brother, look out in the fall for my 2-year-olds.

With that, Jimmy Jones set out for Chicago and its racing season. Chicago racing fans can never say they have not been warned.

### THE KID FROM CUT AND SHOOT

SEARCHING big-city gyms for a good young heavyweight is something like shopping for a lion at the city pound—in both cases the chance of winding up with a dog are currently very high. This still leaves a lot of unexplored territory, however, and last week a new and promising figure leaped into the thin line of contenders for the heavyweight championship. One Roy Harris, 23, a husky schoolteacher from Cut and Shoot (pop. 193), Texas, went down to Houston and—to the surprise and delight of 10,000 fellow Texans—handily licked third-ranked Willie Pastrano of New Orleans.

Schoolteachers are not ordinarily good brawlers. Neither are college men—and Harris has attended not one but three colleges: Tarleton State, Texas A&M and Sam Houston State. But very few college men have been produced by Cut and Shoot either—and therein lies the difference. Harris was a fighter first and a student by afterthought. Cut and Shoot, which consists of three beer joints, a dance hall, a sawmill and three houses, lies in the midst of a tough and primitive area known as The Big Thicket and was named for all the cuttin' and shootin' which has gone on there in a century of Saturday nights. Roy Harris and his two fighting brothers grew up in a log cabin (some distance from what might be described as the metropolitan area of Cut and Shoot) with a boxing ring in the clearing.

His father, heavy-handed Henry Harris, taught all the boys to fight almost before they learned to walk. Roy was fighting in smokers when he was 13 and "whipping grown men" when he was 15. He had 83 amateur fights (losing 10), and has fought 21 times in two years as a professional—beating, among others, Charlie Norkus and Bob Baker. He is a quiet, dark-haired fellow who now weighs 190 pounds; he is awkward, savage and smart in the ring and despite his relative inexperience he seemed to be outthinking as well as outpunching Pastrano in the Houston upset last week. He slipped Pastrano's jab and used his right. He feinted with the right and threw left hooks. When Pastrano tried coming in, head down, he used an uppercut. "Harris," said New Orleans Promoter Allen Lacombe gloomily afterward, "made Pastrano look like a banana carrier."

Back in Cut and Shoot, after the fight, Harris planned to go on with his $229-a-month job teaching the fourth grade. (Robert Thomas, one of his pupils, had predicted: "If he punches Pastrano as hard as he whupped me, there won't be nothing to it.") Roy, who lives with his wife in a neat white cottage adjoining his family's land, also continued to startle Cut and Shoot by 1) driving a black Cadillac, and 2) wearing Bermuda shorts. But the Harris family proper was unaffected—it still resides in the sprawling log house with a galvanized-iron roof, imperfect windows, unclosable doors and fight posters on the walls. A nine-foot alligator still lives in the pond out beyond the sweet gum trees.

"That gator must be getting hungry," said Roy's mother reflectively last week, as she rocked in her rope-bottomed chair. "Hasn't eaten a dog in about a week as far as we know."

### FOREIGN AID PROGRAM

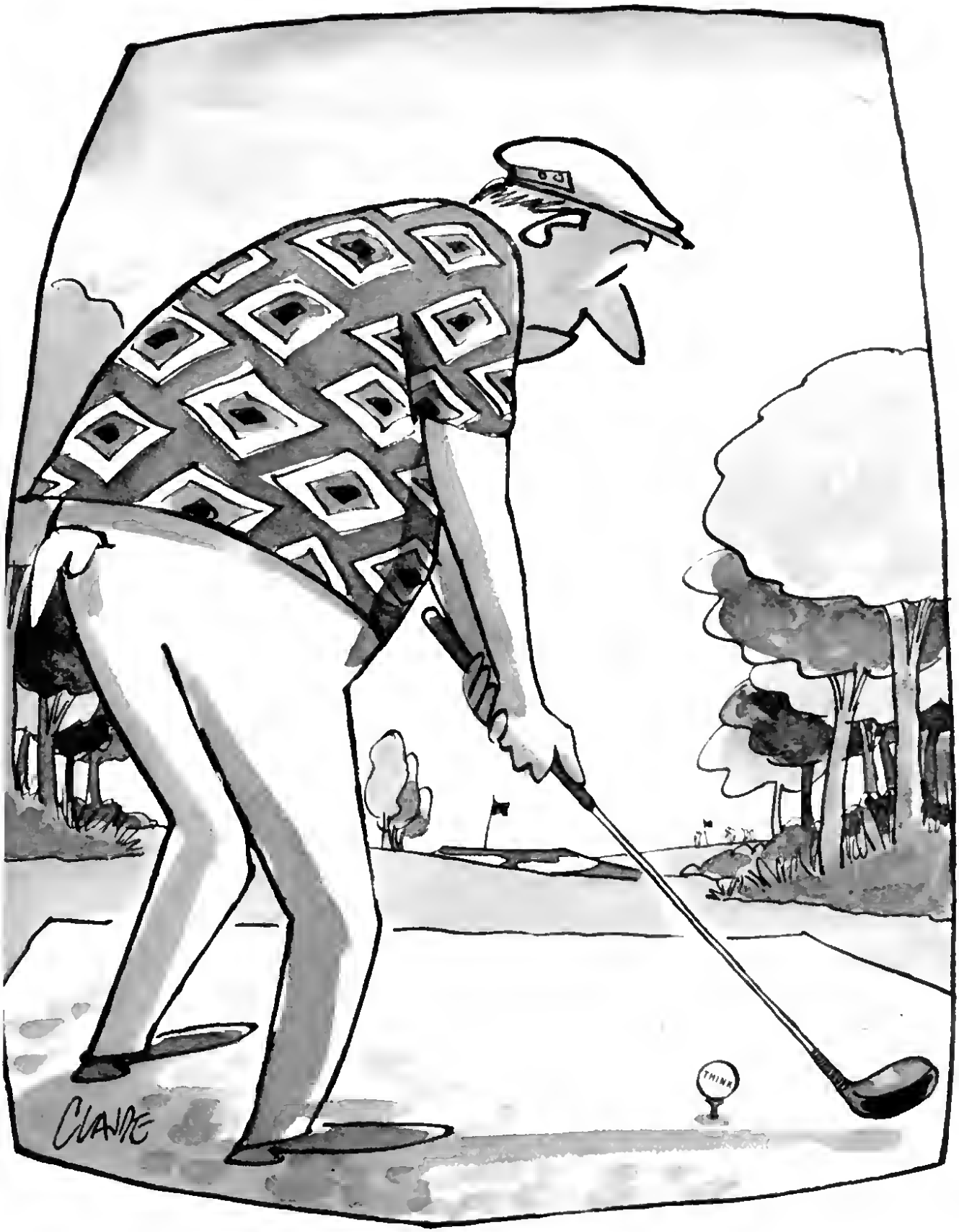
DESIRE is everything in football, and a coach can hardly say no to a star halfback who wants to take some equipment home for the summer; when the University of Virginia's big, line-busting Jim Bakhtiar wondered if the school could ship him 1 football, 1 needle valve, 1 uniform, 1 helmet, 1 kickoff tee and 1 extra-point tee, Head Coach Ben Martin said, "Sure, Jimho. It's as good as there right now." This, it turned out, was not quite true. Bakhtiar—full name: James Ahol Hassen Bakhtiar—lives in Abadan, Iran, and Abadan is a long way from Charlottesville, Va. Assistant Coach Ralph




Hendrix (whom Martin cunningly appointed his delegate in the matter) found this out almost immediately.

It took a half day of telephoning just to find out how you best send a parcel to Abadan (air express), and after that he had to stuff the gear into a worthy parcel. These chores accomplished, he delegated Handyman Fielding Updike to carry on from there. Updike departed with package. He soon returned. "Can't be sealed," he said. "Customs inspection." Hendrix spent the evening in moody thought and the next day solved the problem—he tied

*continued*


THINK
CLAIRE

bowknots in the twine around the parcel and sent Updike on his way again. Coach Martin was looking out the window when Updike returned and began a play-by-play: "He's slamming the door. He's hitching up his pants and talking to himself. He looks mad. He's brought it back again!"

Updike also brought a list of what was needed to send a football uniform to Iran: a commercial invoice in quadruplicate, a customs declaration in quadruplicate, an insurance form in quadruplicate, a consular fee of $4.18 and a fee of $8.38 for legalizing general power of attorney and designating an agent in Iran. "Whatta they want a commercial invoice for?" cried Martin. "We're not selling the damned uniform." Hollered Updike: "Don't holler at me, holler at them!" Martin hollered by telephone for a half hour but got nowhere. Then he called in his assistants. "What," one of them asked, "is a commercial invoice form in quadruplicate?" Martin sighed. "How the hell should I know? Just find one."

At this point the coach believed that he saw light at the end of his tunnel. He seized the telephone again and called the Iranian embassy in Washington. Did the embassy know of Jim Bakhtiar and his great work in international relations? The embassy did indeed. Encouraged, Martin tried to delegate the job again. It didn't work. The polite voice at the embassy simply assured him that he would have no trouble at all, and that anything Bakhtiar Khan wanted shipped to Iran was O.K. with Iran. Then the phone went dead.

By the next day Martin and his men had a commercial invoice. By the day after that they had it and all the other forms filled out (Describe commodities in sufficient detail to permit verification of the Schedule B. . . . Any person violating . . . Export Control Regulations . . . is subject to a fine of not more than $10,000. . . .), then were ready, in fact, to try shipping the box again. Martin by now, however, was becoming sensitive to the enemy at the express office. "Bring me a duffel bag," he cried. It was delivered. Quickly he stuffed it with the football gear. He seized his pen and wrote boldly: "Personal Effects of James Bakhtiar" in quadruplicate on every piece of paper in the thick heap he had accumulated. It worked. Railway Express accepted the bag with almost horrifying matter-of-factness. Two days later, Seaboard & Western Airlines sent him a wire assuring him that the "personal effects" were on their way overseas.

Only then did Martin have time to mull, in fascination, the project he was furthering. Bakhtiar, once back in Islam, proposes to suit up and kick field goals over goal posts which his father—a wealthy doctor and Persian nobleman—has agreed to set up in a public park. What will the citizenry of Abadan, Iran think of that? Martin broke off to ask himself another question. What might not happen to the mind and body of his sure-bet All-America if the boy tried to ship the uniform back to the U.S. at summer's end? He leaped to his feet and sought his halfback out. "Look, Jimbo," he said gently. "If you have any trouble—any trouble at all—just leave that uniform in Ahadan and forget it. If the worst comes to the worst, next fall we'll play you in your tribal robes."

### OVALIZING AT MONZA

A REASONABLE FACSIMILE of the Indianapolis "500" race track stands outside Monza, Italy. One reason it was built there was to provide a place where top American drivers in Indianapolis cars could race against top European drivers in Grand Prix cars, and so settle many a year of argument over which group is superior. Ten Americans and their cars are headed for Italy, and the Monza "500" is set for June 29. Yet it may not, after all, do much to settle the old question.

For many of the European drivers recently organized themselves into a union—and, having done so, voted to boycott the Monza race. Why? "Because," said Juan Manuel Fangio, the world champion Grand Prix driver and the man who suggested the union in the first place, "one cannot participate in a race knowing in advance that he will never win it or even finish in a good position." Grand Prix cars, he stressed, are used in road racing—that is, on odd-shaped courses with varied turns. Their drivers must be able to turn both left and right, brake sharply, accelerate quickly and make use of the gears. Indianapolis cars, on the other hand, are tailored to go around an oval track. They have only one useful forward speed, their springs are jacked to favor a left-hand turn (for the turns at Indianapolis) and they are built to withstand sustained high speeds and the extra stresses that centrifugal force imposes at the banked curves. The Monza "500" would therefore, said Fangio, be a matter of matching Indianapolis cars specially built for oval racing against Grand Prix cars which were not—and there was no question who would win.

His argument seemed pretty well borne out by the recent accomplishment of the American driver Pat O'Connor in an American car: O'Connor went around the Monza track in 55 seconds, clipping four seconds off the record.

Still, there will be European entries at Monza—some Jaguars, some Ferraris and perhaps a few others. But the outcome seems fairly certain, and likewise the postrace comments. The Americans will probably be able to say, "Of course we won—and they were afraid to race against us." The Europeans can say, "Naturally they won—but not against our best drivers." Yet neither view will quite reflect the facts.

The present situation is not, however, a permanent stalemate. Some of the European drivers are already suggesting that their automakers build a few cars in which they can take the curves and straightaways of Monza on equal terms with the Americans.



### NIGHT WORK

He stole the bases with aplomb,
His daring was a sight;
And yet he never did steal home
Till very late at night.

—ROBERT FITCH

### PATH TO UNDERSTANDING

AFTER DEEP THOUGHT, the Buddhist monks of Mt. Koya, whose templed mountaintop south of Osaka has long been a shrine for Japanese pilgrims, have now carved out a baseball diamond and ordered bats, balls and uniforms for themselves.

"The priestly duty has always made it imperative for us to understand what is uppermost in the secular mind," explained one of Mt. Koya's elders.

"Baseball is uppermost."

# 'FIERCE WAS THE STRUGGLE



YANK'S DITMAR (RIGHT) RATTLES OOBY AFTER BRUSH-BACK



OORY (14) IS ALREADY DOWN AS UMPIRE NAPP REFEREES. FIGHT GROWS



YANKS' EHOS SLAUGHTER HOSES OUT SOX' RELLIGEREHT WALT BROPO



OROPO LANDS A RIGHT, STARTS TO RIP SLAUGHTER'S SHIRT

# ROUND THE BODY OF PATROCLUS —AND MANY HEROES FELL'

THURSDAY, JUNE 13 will go down in baseball history not so much for its baseball as for a couple of Homeric Donnybrooks, one in the American League and one in the National, in which major leaguers smote each other like Greeks and Trojans. "The roughest thing I've ever seen," said Enos Slaughter, who took part in the American League struggle—and the old Gashouse Gangster has seen a lot in 23 years in baseball. Hot weather and pennant tensions were background causes, but in each case the combat spark was a brush-back pitch—or one interpreted as such. In Chicago the Yankees' Art Ditmar sent a blazer past the head of the White Sox' Larry Doby, and in Ebbets Field Brooklyn's Don Drysdale sank a fast ball into the ribs of Milwaukee's Johnny Logan. Well, naturally, Doby and Logan erupted like so many Menelauses and got in one good punch apiece before the battles became general, embroiling small armies on each side. Fines came swiftly for each of the principal antagonists. Students of history and baseball noted with interest that the fines levied on Ditmar and Drysdale were not for throwing at the batters but for getting into ludicrous punching matches immediately thereafter. Students also noted that nobody really got hurt.



BARED BUT UNBOWED, SLAUGHTER STALKS OFF BATTLEFIELD




**EBBETS FIELD** sequence features aggrieved Johnny Logan *(top left)* swinging at Manager Walt Alston (24), while *(below)* Mathews (41) and Riddle (3) of the Braves attack Drysdale.





HOPALONG CASSADY DEMONSTRATES PROPER USE OF THE STIFFARM



SMALL BOY OVERWHELMED BY JIM PARKER, A VERY LARGE TACKLE



SHIRTSLEEVED FATHERS AND UNNATURALLY QUIESCENT SONS WATCH



# CLINICAL OBSERVATIONS IN COLUMBUS

THE MORNING was hot and muggy, but some 3,000 small boys assembled in Columbus, Ohio managed to sit still and in good order for two and a half hours.

Unless a flying-saucer load of small green Venutian men lands on the lawn of the White House within the next 43 years, this must rank as the miracle of the century. As any father of a small boy can testify, the motor which operates a male child under the age of 12 is not equipped with an idling speed.

Obviously it took an enormously in-



FOOTBALL CLINIC ON THE FOOTBALL PRACTICE FIELD AT OHIO STATE



AGAINST BACKGROUND OF STADIUM, KIDS LAUGH AT A MISSED PASS



LOU GROZA AND JIM ROSEBORO DEMONSTRATE FIELD GOAL KICKING

teresting spectacle to hypnotize these sprouts, and the enormously interesting spectacle was football, a disease which is both endemic and virulent in Columbus and infects every age. The fathers of the 3,000 small boys sat quietly with them, dispensing occasional ice cream money and a rare "Shhh!" but as enthralled as their children in the football clinic conducted by the *Columbus Dispatch* on one of the lush practice fields at Ohio State University. In the background the vast cement horseshoe of the Ohio State stadium offered a mute invitation to the youngsters should they learn their football lessons well.

On the practice field the instructors were marshaled by Woody Hayes, the Ohio State football coach, who has an extraordinary insight into the tricky workings of a small boy's—or a football player's—mind. Among the demonstrators of football technique were Otto Graham (on the art of passing); Dante Lavelli (on how to catch a pass); Hopalong Cassady, Fred Morrison and Jim Roseboro (on running and blocking); and Jim Parker, the 285-pound All-America tackle (on how to tackle). Lou Groza, who holds the National Football League record for field goals, demonstrated how to kick them; and the small fry, busily demolishing an astonishing number of cones and hot dogs, watched carefully. They stared with the odd intentness of small boys at Graham's passing and Lavelli's catching, at Cassady running and Morrison punting, at Parker tackling and Groza blocking—and behind them the wide cement arms of the stadium waited.

# Part 2 THE ART OF RACE RIDING

by EDDIE ARCARO with WHITNEY TOWER
and drawings by ROBERT RIGER

# PRE-RACE



AT MOST TRACKS a rider has just about 20 minutes from the time he leaves the jocks' room to the time the starter sends him out of the gate. In those 20 minutes he may have to learn all about a horse he might never have seen before, as well as analyze the field and plan some sort of strategy. The trainer and I will both, of course, have some ideas on the race before we meet in the saddling shed (*left*). From past-performance charts and our own observations we'll both know who are the real speed horses in the race. So we'd compare opinions on the speed horses. If I'd never ridden thia horse before, the trainer would give me the word as to whether my horse was a front runner or one that wanted to lay back the first part of it. He'd also remind me of the horse's tendencies to bear out around turns or lug in. When we'd agreed on the caliber and number of speed horses we'd discuss ways of not getting in a trap among them and giving opportunities to horses coming up from behind. And even if we thought we could steal a quick lead

## TALK WITH THE TRAINER

The good trainer should tip you off to some mannerisms which don't always show up in the charts, such as: keep him away from the rail; he wants to run free and clear; if you get him pocketed he'll start climbing.



## IN THE PADDOCK

You tie a knot in the reins because they are too long and have no balance. Without a knot there would be no weight, and rather than hang down they'd be flopping all around. So first you square them off and pull them out even with the buckle on the end.



and slow the pace, we'd still talk over the speed horses in the field. Any trainer will have definite ideas on the type of warmup he wants his horse to get, as well as the gate strategy to be used. For example, with a horse who has a habit of stumbling, the trainer will tell me not to let him sort of roll out of that gate without a hold on him. The trainer might also suggest that his horse needs help from an assistant starter in the gate, and in some cases he will finish up by giving you a warning, such as, "Eddie, if this horse tires, don't sit down and whip him up." This is advice I don't really need because I know from experience that whipping a tired horse doesn't help. He'll get loop-legged and limber and pull himself up, no matter what the jock does. As you settle into the saddle you must feel that you fit that horse. This will sometimes mean a readjustment in stirrup length to compensate for a saddle set on slightly off center. The result should be that you feel your legs are carrying all the burden and you now have perfect balance.

## TYING THE KNOT

After the reins are squared you throw the end over the standing part and wrap it around a few times. The part you now hold in your left hand is called the half-cross, and in race riding you control the horse by holding the reins in either hand with a half-cross.



## THE MASTER'S HANDS

A portrait of my hands under standard racing conditions shows how I control the horse with the half-cross in my left hand. My right hand holds the right rein with three fingers and the whip with one. To whip you can let go with the right hand and yet not lose control.









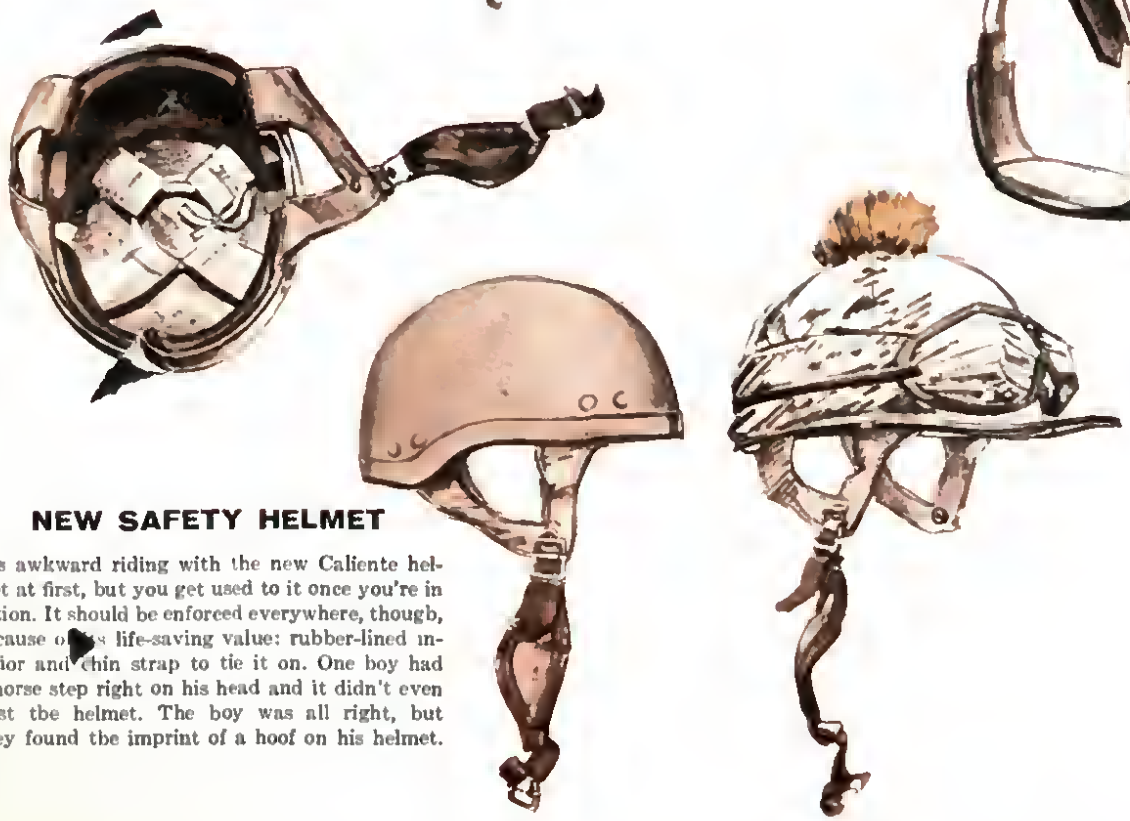

## QUESTION OF WEIGHT

One of the most controversial questions in racing is that of the difference between live and dead weight. Live weight, of course, is the actual weight of the jockey—in my case it is about 111 pounds. Dead weight is the weight resulting from slabs of lead being slipped into the pockets of the lead pad (as is being done at left by my valet Whitey) so that the total weight carried by the horse reaches the amount specifically prescribed by the conditions of the race. Most people believe that a horse does his best with live weight on him. Well, I think a successful jock like Shoemaker—who weighs about 95 and therefore carries a lot of dead weight with him—has done a lot to disprove that theory. In view of the number of winners Shoe rides, dead weight can't be affecting his horses. Remember, when you have weight tied securely on a horse it's bound to be more stable than the weight of a jockey, who naturally has to shift his weight going into turns or when his horse hobbles. I don't think any rider in the world can keep his body as centrally balanced and still as dead weight tied down on a horse.



## RACING SADDLES

I prefer the three-pound leather saddle (*opposite page*) to the plastic one (*above*) because it feels better. I usually ride the same saddle (although I have about 20) all through the day's card. Some jocks use heavy, broad, leather-wrapped irons, but I always use a sliver of bare iron. The teeth in the crossbar grip the Neolite on the soles of my boots to prevent them from slipping around in the irons.



## NEW SAFETY HELMET

It's awkward riding with the new Caliente helmet at first, but you get used to it once you're in action. It should be enforced everywhere, though, because of its life-saving value: rubber-lined interior and chin strap to tie it on. One boy had a horse step right on his head and it didn't even bust the helmet. The boy was all right, but they found the imprint of a hoof on his helmet.



## THE RACE RIDING SEAT

As I pointed out last week, I believe the only answer to a good seat is sufficient leg strength so that your hands don't force you to balance on a horse's mouth. In these drawings notice how I try to keep my body in the middle of the horse and absolutely centrally located even though my right iron is about six inches shorter than the left. I definitely belong to the toes-in school; furthermore, I find that my right knee, already higher than the left, takes most of the pressure, although both knees are gripping very tightly.



## THE IRONS—RIGHT AND LEFT VIEW

Keeping your toes in, as all top jocks know, prevents you from getting leg-locked while riding in close. Some other jocks are also now imitating my style of placing the boot in the iron: my iron comes across at a slight diagonal so that the inner corner of the stirrup is just on the rear curve of the inside of the ball of the foot. I think riding this way gives me a better sense of balance than if I rode, like some jocks, with the iron far back in the instep. Although in these similar drawings, taken from opposite sides, the iron length is different (for reasons fully explained on page 36), my legs are still giving me perfect balance so that while galloping to the post, as I am doing here, I am able to ride somewhat higher than usual (because it's more comfortable) and keep my hands low enough so that I'm not interfering with my horse's mouth.





## WARMUP GALLOP ON THE BACKSTRETCH

There is a dual purpose to the warmup gallop, which is the way most horses go to the post unless they are so fractious that they have to he ponied all the way. First, the gallop gives the horse a chanee to get loosened up. Second, it gives the jock his first real chance to learn the horse's mannerisms firsthand even though the trainer may have already warned him of everything in the hook about him. During these few minutes I try to get the true feel of his mouth. By going with him a ways I can tell such things as whether or not he has a light mouth; if he has a tendency to throw his head; if he runs heavy-headed and lays on the hit, or whether he likes to lug one way or the other. You might also discover that he's come up with a cut mouth. Another thing I take note of is to see that his girth isn't pinching him.



## GETTING THE PROPER FEEL

It's surprising how little time it takes on a horse—even on a completely strange horse—before you have a pretty good idea about him and the way he likes to run, and therefore will probably run best. Now, if you gallop a horse a slow sixteenth of a mile, the first thing you're going to be conscious of is what we call his action, or, in other words, his rhythmical stride in motion and general way of going. I may have already changed my stirrups a hole or two in the paddock, but after galloping him I may alter them again just because my position doesn't feel exactly right. Obviously, not all horses are built just the same, with the result that some jocks have trouble fitting certain types. I find, for example, that I don't seem able to ride real short-necked horses. I tried it with Stymie, one of the best, but Stymie was so short-necked and ran with his head held so high that I found I must be too big (I'm 5 feet 2½ inches tall, weigh 111) and didn't have any place to get set on him, and I never felt I had anything going for me when I tried to get down and ride him. However, in most cases the jock can adapt himself to his horse, and as he wheels him around after a backstretch gallop he's going to know pretty well if the horse he's on is flighty or likes to duck at the sight of shadows and stray objects. But, most important of all, you have learned something about his mouth—which will be of great help in riding the race.



## RIDING ACE-DEUCE

I have no idea where the term ace-deuce came from —it was around way before I was—but what it is, basically, is riding with the right stirrup shorter than the left. The difference can be anywhere from two to 12 inches (Jackie Westrope and Charlie Burr ride more ace-deuce than anybody I know). The difference in my case is from six to eight inches, and the only reason I do it is simply that for me—whether it actually helps at all—it just feels better. I know this probably doesn't make sense, because, let's face it, here's an animal, and you should have your weight in the middle of him. Well, I think I do, and the proof for me is that if I close my eyes and don't look at the stirrups I feel like I'm riding even. If I dropped the left iron down and didn't feel comfortable it would mean that I wasn't properly balanced and, as we've said before, a jock's balance depends primarily on the position of his irons, since all weight is on his legs and feet. Now, far be it from me to say that riding ace-deuce is right. It may well not be, and if I wasn't a jock I'd have to argue against it, because it makes more *logical* sense if you rode with both stirrups even. In fact, if I were taking a young rider and breaking him in to be a jock I wouldn't allow him to ride ace-deuce. No chance—not until he was experienced enough to find his own "seat." But the important thing is that, even though my irons are uneven, I actually do ride even. I am perfectly balanced. I have to be, and I'd hinder a horse if I weren't. You couldn't, for example, make a horse run with all that weight on one side of him. The true test that I ride even is that I've won more races on the straight (down the Widener Chute) in New York than any other rider. If I were riding on the straightaway on the side of a horse—meaning not properly balanced—I'd always have lug-in trouble and I'd be all over the track. So, I repeat, right or wrong (and the man I first rode for, Clarence Davison, would have knocked me off the horse if he'd seen me trying to ride ace-deuce), I find the short right iron gives me the great pushing action. I have the feeling I can get right down and shove on the horse—with my right foot behind me and the left foot forward to shove against. Thus, my right foot is actually my balancing pole. Funny thing about it, if you lose a stirrup it's always your left foot. You don't seem to ever lose the right stirrup because that's where your strength is. I thought riding ace-deuce was crazy once. And if I wasn't a jock now—and know how it works—I'm sure I'd still be knocking it.






**BEING PONIED TO THE GATE**

Whereas at most American tracks you gallop a horse to the starting gate, you'll occasionally find it necessary to use either a stable pony or one of the track's outriders (*as above*). The reasons are fairly obvious: either a horse is too rough for the jockey to gallop him or else he's so nervous and flighty that the pony is there to try and keep him calmed down. There are so few real maniacs that even with a stable pony beside you, you are generally able to gallop sufficiently to get the feel of even the most fractious horse. Usually a horse that has to be ponied is one who is going to get special attention anyway from the assistant starters the moment that they take over at the gate.

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# NEXT WEEK

## Part 3 THE START

There are so many things to watch for at the start that even the most experienced riders get nervous. And, as they tighten up, so do their horses. Before the start, however, I try to relax my horse, get his feet in perfect position and then wait for the quietness which comes just before the man says "go."



# THE MEN LOOK OVER THE BOYS

**College baseball, growing up fast, decides its champion—and attracts a lot of big league scouts**

by ROY TERRELL

ONE MAY BE forgiven for being unaware that the University of California is the 1957 National Collegiate baseball champion or that this honor was attained last week at Omaha, Nebraska, where the Bears beat Penn State 1–0 in the final game of the 11th annual College World Series. And having been so informed, one may still be pardoned for remarking, so what? It is not an event to rank with Waterloo or Hiroshima.

But the baseball-playing colleges, whose numbers have expanded with astonishing rapidity in the postwar decade, point with pride to the renaissance of the great American campus, an area of such peculiarly fascinating pastimes all its own that it has sometimes hardly heen aware that people still played baseball any more. This season, however, the fact would have been hard to ignore. Almost 450 four-year colleges and universities played the game, with 10,000 young men on varsity teams alone. Of these schools, 90% classified baseball as a major aport. If not in danger of supplanting football and hasketball in the undergraduate affection, baseball is at least preparing to take its place at their side.

The big leagues are looking more and more to colleges for the players of the future. This year, of the 400-odd men on big league rosters, approximately a third have some college hackground. Not all played college baseball, but many did; so many, indeed, that, while famed ex-collegians of the past like Frankie Frisch (Fordham), Lou Gehrig (Columbia) and Ted Lyons (Baylor) were known far and wide as former college stars and frequently so identified, the fact that a big league ballplayer today once attended an institution of higher education is so commonplace that it is practically ignored. It has ceased to be startling to discover books instead of tobacco stains on the floor of a ballplayer's hotel room.

The big leagues can take either book-learning or tohacco juice in stride, as long as the end product is good baseball. They still insist that the best college teams would have real trouble winning against Class C competition, which is the kind you find at Pocatello, Idaho, or Salinas, California or Alexandria, Louisiana, and they say that only a relative few of the very best players are capahle of moving off the campus right into Class A, a brand of haseball that is played in Des Moines, Iowa and Jacksonville, Florida and Binghamton, New York.

Yet each year 16 big league teams trample one another in their haste to sign almost 100 college baseball players to professional contracts, and this year they again moved in en masse to watch the cream of the crop at Omaha.

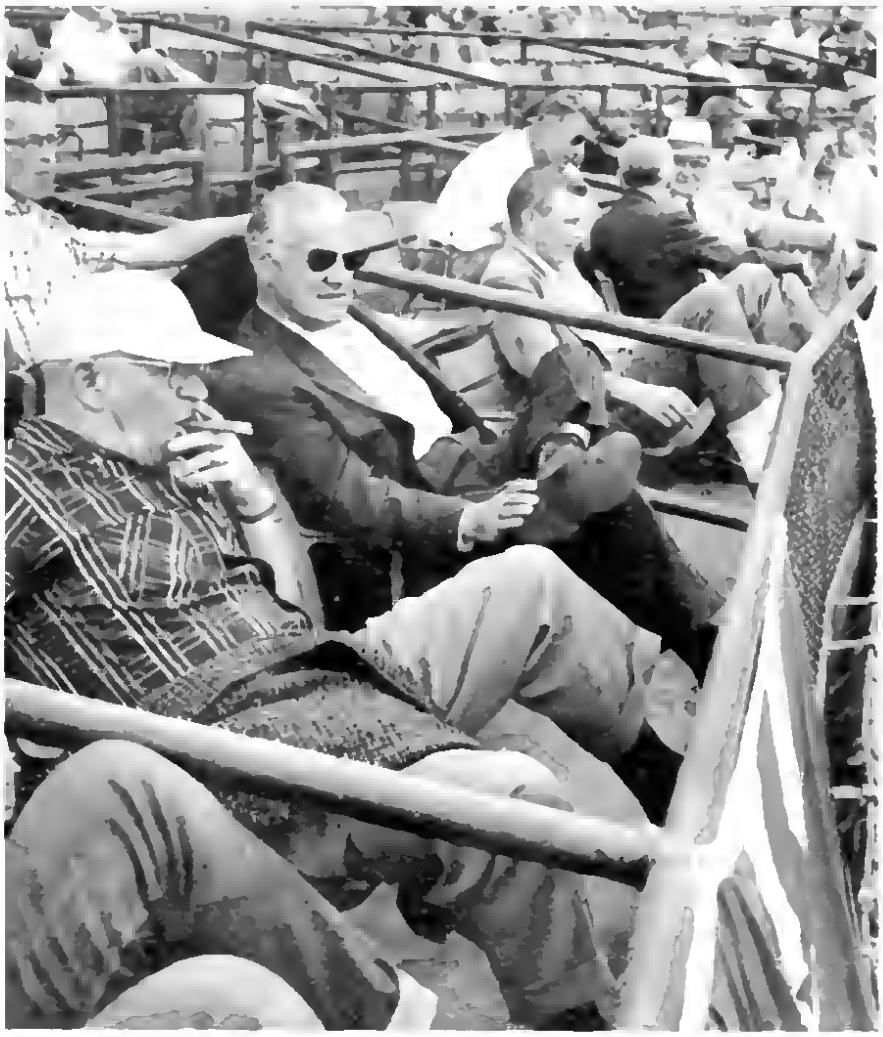
The Municipal Stadium at Omaha, home of the American Association farm club of the St. Louis Cardinals, sits atop a hill on the southeast edge of town, a vantage point occupied frequently in years past by the noble red man who could look out across rolling, wooded park lands toward the Missouri River and wait patiently for the paleface to leave the civilized sanctuary of Council Bluffs for the California gold fields 2,000 miles away. The only Indians around these days, however, come to watch the ball game. They couldn't find a nicer place. Even the gentle fragrance of the vast Omaha stockyards drifts off to the west to caress someone else.

Among the 26,000 who attended the five-day, 14-game double-elimination competition needed to reduce the field of eight district winners to one national champion, the professional scouts stood out like Willie Mays in a Harlem stickball game. Right down front, having paid $1.25 for choice seats just like anyone else, were representatives of all 16 major league teams, the number including not only the scouts themselves but such august front-office personages as Roy Hamey of the Phils, Fresco Thompson of the Dodgers, Bucky Harris of the Red Sox, Branch Rickey Jr. of the Pirates and George Selkirk of the A's. There was even a big league manager there briefly for a day; the

## THE BEST IN COLLEGE BALL

**The 1957 All-America team selected by American Association of College Baseball Coaches at annual meeting in Omaha last week**

| | FIRST TEAM | SECOND TEAM | THIRD TEAM |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1B | Fred Frickie, Alabama | Bob Litchard, Springfld. | Jerry Good, Texas |
| 2B | Ken Tippery, Michigan | Len Farrell, Portland | Steve Boris, Michigan |
| 3B | Marsh McLean, Amherst | Craig Sorensen, Arizona | Bob Hastings, Harvard |
| SS | Dick Howser, Fla. State | Ken Hamlin, W. Mich. | Gary Thompson, Iowa St. |
| LF | Jack Davis, Missouri | Terry Maddox, Oregon | Tom Shollin, USC |
| CF | Bill Olson, Southern Cal. | Dave Sime, Duke | John DeMerit, Wisconsin |
| RF | Tom Clarkson, Arizona | Del Petersen, Colo. State | Jerry Mallett, Baylor |
| C | Elmer Kohorst, N.D. | Dick Bertell, Iowa State | Chuck Thompson, Calif. |
| P | Ed Drapcho, Penn State | Harry Taylor, Texas | James Raugh, N.C. |
| P | Doug Weiss, California | Wyman Carey, Bradley | John Hogg, Colo. State |



**MORNING GAME** draws more big league scouts than fans. Cardinals' Runt Marr (with cigar) sits by Dodgers' Fresco Thompson. Behind them is Los Angeles' Dick Walsh.

Cards thought so much of one prospect that Fred Hutchinson abandoned his ball club in the heat of a pennant race to fly in from New York and take a look for himself.

Occasionally pausing to swap half-truths with their rivals or drag a red herring through the stands, they concentrated in most cases on some well-scouted and highly recommended young man. In this connection, while a lot of names were mentioned, everyone present was careful to show not the slightest interest in Cal's Earl Robinson, a 190-pounder who moves with catlike grace, runs like a deer, throws like a rifle and hit one baseball almost into downtown Omaha. Despite the casual disinterest, if Robinson failed to sign a fat bonus contract by the end of the week it was only because he was a junior and wanted to go back to school for another year.

Not all the outstanding college players (*see box*) even made it to Omaha in the first place, of course, but there was little doubt that the best team was certainly there. NCAA officials and writers who have watched them all agreed that George Wolfman's California Bears were perhaps the very best team college baseball has ever seen.

While past tournaments have sometimes been noteworthy for an unusual incident or two, this one will go into history chiefly for the excellent brand of baseball shown, particularly by California, by runner-up Penn State and, to a less consistent degree, by the other two quarter-finalists from Iowa State and Notre Dame. Even the major league umpires who worked the series (Ken Burkhart and Frank Umont) admitted that it was pretty good, although they did complain that the college catchers sometimes stepped on their feet.

California came into the tournament rated below such teams as Texas, the only school ever to win two NCAA baseball championships, Iowa State, Notre Dame and dark horse Florida State, which had eliminated powerful Duke in the regional round.

"It was a break for us," said Wolfman. "While some of the other teams were being praised all over town, they let us alone so we could concentrate on baseball."

The brand of baseball throughout was sometimes studded with brilliance, sometimes flecked with mediocrity. The pitching was superlative. The first three games of the tournament were shutouts—a four-hitter by Harry Taylor of Texas, a three-hitter by Ed Drapcho of Penn State and a six-hitter by Doug Weiss of California—and for a while it appeared that the pitchers had become obsessed with the idea that if you gave up a run you were out. "They must think," said an observer, "they're playing this on the point system." Later, Notre Dame's Chuck Symeon and California's Kim Elliott and George Sterling got into the shutout act, too. The hard-luck young man of the whole affair was Penn State's big sophomore left-hander, Cal Emery, who finally received partial compensation by being named the tournament's outstanding player. When not playing first base, he pitched, allowing a total of only six hits in two games but he gave up a run in each—and the last was the one which cost Penn State the title.

The catching was exceptional, too, and some of the defensive work around shortstop was brilliant, particularly that of Iowa State's little All-America basketball player Gary Thompson, who must have been raised on Frank Merriwell. At times, though, some of the infield play wasn't brilliant at all.

In the outfield there was a fly ball dropped here and there, and a stray throw occasionally wound up at the wrong base. But there were some gems, too. None shone brighter than the day-by-day play of a stocky hard-hitting speedster from California named Bernie Kelly. On the other hand, while every Notre Dame fan in the stands shuddered whenever Jim Morris went back to match wits with a fly ball, no one was able to find much fault with his hitting: 10 hits in 14 at-bats for a .714 average, two home runs, two doubles and eight runs batted in.

California won the tournament quite simply because in almost every category of play it was the superior team. Most important, they had more good pitching and—for a college team—truly remarkable poise. Somewhere along the line most of the other teams lost theirs, perhaps only for an inning, but that was too much. California never did. END

# PHENOMENAL PHILADELPHIA

by LES WOODCOCK

**Six rookies and "Granny," who was almost lost to major league ball, helped make the Phils the most improved team in baseball this spring**

MIRACLES KEEP baseball alive. Although percentages have a distressing tendency to catch up with it, the miraculous is, for the lover of the game, a wondrous and blissful reality, if generally short-lived. The miracle which makes the winning of a ball game look the easiest chore in the world has a peculiar affinity with the spring. Two springs ago an obscure rookie called Boh Speake was the magician for the Cubs—until someone discovered he couldn't hit an inside pitch, and the club quietly exchanged the giddy heights of second place in the National League for the more familiar environment of the second division. Dale Long worked a wonder a day for Pittsburgh last spring, and stunned fans saw the Pirates in first place; when Long's hitting temperature subsided to normalcy, the team dropped as quickly as his batting average.

The phenomenon of this spring, which should have more enduring foundations, occurred in Philadelphia, a city noted for brotherly love but few miracles. The Phillies, who were almost unanimously consigned to sixth place before the season started, are playing as if they never heard that the 1957 National League pennant was supposed to be settled between the Redlegs, Braves and Dodgers. With rookies playing first base, right field and part time in left, two rookies as starting pitchers and a third the No. 1 bullpen man, plus a shortstop who is almost a rookie, the team has revived fond memories of the original Whiz Kids of 1950.

Though rookies have sparked the Phils, the catalyst is the team's 30-year-old second baseman, Granville Hamner. Captain and shortstop of the original Whiz Kids at 23, Granny's career as a fulltime ballplayer seemed about over last season. A ripped tendon in his left shoulder forced him to try to make the team as a relief pitcher this spring.

"I pitched eight innings last year and hated it," Hamner reflected grimly not long ago. "I have to play every day and I told them that. Trainer Frank Wiechec worked out some real rough exercises to strengthen my arm and I took a long batting practice every day. About two weeks before the season started, I didn't have any more pain when I batted or fielded."

The Phils had an undistinguished 8-9 record on May 7 when Hamner started for the first time this year. He hit a home run that day, and the Phils have been winning ever since.

### MAKES THEM BEAR DOWN

"He's that little bit extra going for you when you're pitching," says Rookie Jack Sanford. "He pitched some, so he knows what it's like when you're all by yourself on the mound."

"You're in a tough spot and he comes over and tells you, 'Bear down. Bear down,' " confirms the veteran Harvey Haddix. "He says that, and it means something."

The comeback of Granville Hamner is by itself a miracle. But unlike the 1955 Cubs and the 1956 Pirates, the Phillies of 1957 have more going for them than one hot player. By using an unprecedented number of remarkably skilled rookies in regular roles, the Phils have plugged up the long standing weak spots in their lineup and produced an exceptional pitching staff.

"We decided to embark on a youth program this year," explains Philadelphia General Manager Roy Hamey, sounding like a man who had just filled an inside straight. "We couldn't before this because the kids just weren't ready."

Rookie First Baseman Ed Bouchee led the club in hits, doubles, triples and home runs the first seven weeks of the season. Bouchee impressed everyone with his hitting in spring training last year but depressed as many with his excess fat. "Why, I was 6 feet and weighed 200 pounds when I was a kid in high school. In the Army they made me a cook, and I just ate all day long. Last winter my wife put me on a strict diet and I lost 25 pounds in four months. I sure ate an awful lot of cottage cheese." With weight no longer a problem, the dimple-chinned Bouchee

*continued*

**LEAPING HIGH OVER** sliding Redleg, Granny Hamner throws quickly to first base. The 30-year-old second baseman has been the catalyst of the Phillies' spectacular early surge.



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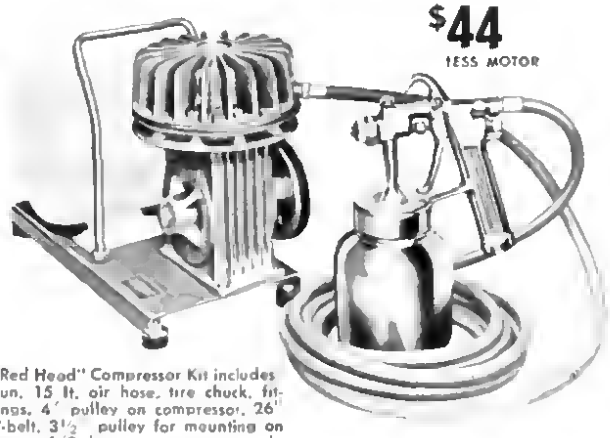
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## PHENOMENAL PHILADELPHIA

*continued*

has not only been hitting hard but also improving daily as a fielder.

Rookie Right Fielder Bob Bowman led the team in hitting and showed he had one of the strongest arms in the league. A wild fast-ball pitcher and an all-round athlete in high school, Bowman went into organized baseball as an experiment. "I had quit San Jose State because I wasn't getting anything out of school. I had gone there on a football scholarship and didn't know what I wanted to do. One day a friend of mine talked me into going to a tryout camp and I finally made it as an outfielder when I couldn't make it as a pitcher."

When ex-Cardinal Rip Repulski, the regular left fielder, injured himself early in the season, an obscure rookie named Harry Anderson stepped into the lineup. Anderson, an infielder before last year, batted only .235 with Schenectady in 1956.

Manager Mayo Smith says: "We threw that .235 average out the window after seeing Harry swing in spring training. After all, he didn't get out of the Army until June, and he hadn't gotten his timing back. He's going to be a good hitter."

The last big gap in the Phillie defense was filled when Shortstop Chico Fernandez came from the Dodgers just before the season started. Booed at first by the Phillie fans, the cocky Fernandez has teamed with Hamner to give the Phils a long-needed major league double-play combination. His play at

## HIGHLIGHT

IT WAS daffy, but true. For the second successive year, the National League pennant race reached mid-June with five teams hunched near the top of the standings. Last year Cincinnati, Brooklyn, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh and St. Louis were the contenders, all within a handshake of first place. This year the same teams are involved with one exception: Philadelphia has replaced Pittsburgh.

Close races create curious situations. This year for a seven-day stretch beginning June 7, the Dodgers were never in the same position two days in a row. They danced from second to first to second, then to third and fourth, up to second again and finally back down to fourth. Meanwhile during the same week, Cincinnati managed to leapfrog from first to third to first to third without ever being in second. It was possible for a team,

short has stopped the jeers. His speed on the hases has now earned him the accolade of the steady chant, "Go, go, go," every time he gets on base.

Most impressive of all has been the Philadelphia pitching. Through Memorial Day the Phils played good .579 hall and were in fourth place, three games out of first. But they had won only three of the ten games they had played with the Dodgers, Braves and Redlegs, the teams they would have to beat if they were to be taken seriously. One week later, the Phils had won three out of four from the Dodgers and two out of three from the Redlegs and were just 30 percentage points away from first place. But in that week the Philadelphia hitters had scored an average of barely three runs per game, hardly enough ordinarily to beat the Dodgers and the Redlegs. The Philadelphia pitchers, however, had allowed an average of only two runs a game.

**DEEPEST STAFF**

"I said last January that the Phils staff would be the deepest in the league," Roy Hamey comments. "I knew we would have Harvey Haddix for a full season, Curt Simmons fully recovered from his arm troubles and Robin Roberts still capable of being one of the best in the league. I also knew we had some real good young pitchers coming up."

Three rookie pitchers, in particular, have been electrifying. When Pitching Coach Whitlow Wyatt first saw the 28-year-old rookie fast-baller, Jack Sanford, throw last September, his

*continued*

to win a game and lose a position or lose a game and gain a position.

But if the two mid-June National League pennant races were similar their heroes were not. The big 1956 names were not pulling their 1957 weight. Boyer, Long and Snider had been replaced by such as Hoak, Cimoli and Sanford. And Don Newcombe, Johnny Antonelli and Bob Friend had all lost more games than they had won.

Perhaps the tight race worried Milwaukee most of all. After all, they had lost by one game last year. Therefore, in a move which could—and many thought should—have been made last winter, the Braves obtained veteran (34) Red Schoendienst from the New York Giants. Schoendienst, a steady fielder and perennial .300 hitter who is leading the early polling for the National League All-Star second baseman's berth, ought to provide Milwaukee with the edge they need to win the pennant. If he doesn't, the Braves may be sorry they ever left Boston.—W.B.





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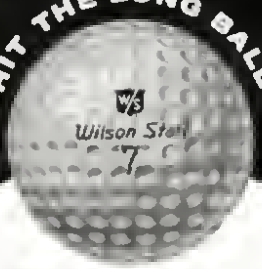
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## PHENOMENAL PHILADELPHIA

*continued*

astonished question was: "Where has that boy been all this time? He's got one of the best arms I've ever seen."

Sanford was on terminal leave after two years in the Army and seven years in the minor leagues. He always had an exceptionally fast ball and a good curve but lacked control. "Wyatt changed the position of my thumb and had me roll my wrist more. Now I consistently put the ball where I want it."

With only three years of organized ball behind him, Don Cardwell, the youngest of all the rookies at 21, has perhaps the most promising future. Big (6 feet 4 inches, 210 pounds) and strong, the soft-spoken native of Winston-Salem, N.C. was supposed to be a year away this spring but impressed so with his poise, fast ball and curve that he has become a regular starter on the staff. "I like the big crowds up here. I feel a bit funny before the first pitch, but after I start working it doesn't faze me. I always feel better when I think of those hard-throwing young pitchers the Phils had in spring training. Man, they were fast. It keeps me on my toes thinking about them waiting to come up here."

The third rookie, Right-hander Dick Farrell, has an uncomplicated attitude: "I'm not what you would call cocky. But I do know that I can get any batter out." Determination to overcome the effects of a four-year siege of polio in his youth which left his left leg slightly impaired made Farrell into a high school football, basketball and baseball star at Brookline, Mass. "A Dodger scout wanted to sign me as an outfielder. But I knew I couldn't hit a curve ball." Extreme self-confidence and a sharp, sinking fast ball have made Farrell the Phillies' No. 1 late-inning bullpen specialist.

Reason rejects the Phillies as a serious pennant threat. It is sufficiently extraordinary that they are the most improved team of the 1957 season.

"It would really be a miracle if we win it this time," says Roy Hamey. "We'll be more than pleased if the kids improve over the rest of the year. Then in '58 we'll be a definite pennant contender."

Mayo Smith, a quiet, easy-going manager, echoes the mature sentiment: "Regardless of what happens this season, we're going to be in good shape for the future. The boys are all pretty darn cool under fire, and they feel they can win it all. Some of the fuzz is off their cheeks." END

# TRACK THRILLS

**They were abundant at Austin, where Villanova made off with yet another national collegiate athletic title**

**by COLES PHINIZY**



**A NEW WORLD RECORD** has just been set, and Champion Vaulter Bob Gutowski happily tells the story to Writer Phinizy.

THE 1957 collegiate track and field championships provided, by the common standard of record breaking, quite a meet. In two evenings in the University of Texas stadium, which rises like battlements over the city of Austin, one world record, three collegiate records and eight meet records were broken; two world and two collegiate records were tied. And it all augured excitingly for this week's AAU meet.

Glory, though, fortunately does not always have to go hand in hand with records. At Austin, Bob Gutowski (*see page 51*) became almost as much of a hero by unsuccessfully trying to broad-jump to hoost his team's point score as he did by breaking his own pole-vaulting world record.

Austin presented a fair opportunity for a vaulting record: a cinder runway, but one fairly well packed, a slight wind at the back and a small field of nine vaulters. Gutowski decided to start at 14 feet, cleared it, trotted across the infield to broad-jump, then returned to vault 14 feet 4 and 14 8. He scarcely cast an eye at the vaulting pit as rivals missed and the har moved up, but he was happy as a well-bedded clam about his broad jumping. "I feel I can get 25 feet," he told his coach, Chuck Coker.

Gutowski skipped across the infield, broad-jumped his best, 24 feet 4½ inches, which did not improve his team's score, then recrossed the field to miss his first vault at 15 feet 1¾ inches. "You're flagging it," Coker advised. "Shoot the right leg up and across. Now, sit down and get off your feet." Gutowski sat down but was immediately back on his feet as an official benediction opening the meet came over the loudspeaker. He sat back down, then had to stand again with everyone else for *The Star-Spangled Banner* and for an extra two minutes of local, sacred music, *The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You*. After both he and his only tough rival, Don Bragg of Villanova, cleared 15 feet 1 3 4, Gutowski hustled away for one last futile try at the broad jump.

"Now sit down," Coker pleaded.

The vault bar went up to 15 feet 5 inches, and on his first try—his 10th vault of the evening—Bob went over. Rival Bragg made three good misses, and tbe bar was raised to 15 feet 9 3, 4 inches.

It was a few minutes before the first running event, so the crowd was concentrating on Gutowski. His run was perfect, and so was the jump, and the stadium announcer said in a voice loud enough to be heard by all Texas, "It was a new, official world record."

Before the meet opened, most of the conversation among coaches was about this man Ron Delany, who in another attempt to win as many points as possihle for the Villanova team would be running the mile and then, with little respite, doing whatever he could in the half mile against the latest of the four-minute milers, Don Bowden of California. What sort of race there might be between these two logically would depend on how much trouble Delany might have in first winning the mile from a half dozen men capable of 4:08 or better. The milers gave Delany trouble enough, jockeying about, changing the lead, so that instead of holding a fixed spot in an orderly Indian file as he so often has in making his easiest killings, Delany was shifting up and back between third and fifth for three laps. He moved into second on the backstretch of the last lap and, bursting on away into first, was challenged for a moment on the last turn—to the joy of the crowd—by little Joe Villereal of Texas, then swept on to the tape keeping just ahead of the pack. The pack forced him to run 4:06.5, and 35 minutes after he hit the mile tape he was on the half-mile starting line against Don Bowden. But in this one—for the first time in 26 races—he did not have enough. Bowden triumphed by seven yards in 1:47.2, a new collegiate record, the second fastest half mile ever run. Delany's time, 1:48.1, was the fastest half he had ever run, and the Texas press, amazed at his unequaled durahility, honored him in Texas style by calling him "the bell cow of the Villanovans."

The six other Villanovans galloping through the meet at Austin with the bell cow proved an equally fit herd. While almost every team hoping to win suffered some loss of form, the Villanovans almost alwaya came through in the clutch—to take their second national team title in the past year.

**HIGH JUMPERS: SEE PAGES 46, 48, 49**
**THE GUTOWSKI STORY: SEE PAGE 51**

# THEY FLY THROUGH THE AIR . . .

**But not always with the greatest of ease, in the case of even the best high jumpers. Their styles range from the classical to the obsolete**

IN THE STILL, dead heat of a summer day in 1895, with the eyes of 25,000 upon him, Michael Sweeney, a 5-foot 8-inch lithographer from New York's east side, faced a high-jump bar set at the impossible height of 6 feet 5 5/8 inches. Mike Sweeney approached with crouching steps, sprang and, with a curious twist, shot cleanly over. The crowd roared. Hats sailed into the air. The band blared *Hail to the Chief* and the New York Police Commissioner, none other than Theodore Roosevelt, helped this famous man Sweeney to his feet. As officials measured the bar 10 times to be sure Sweeney had done the impossible, the crowd gave three cheers for Sweeney and three cheers more. Sweeney predicted that someday someone would clear 7 feet, but it was 17 years before anybody else did even as well as Sweeney.

**THE 7-FOOT ERA** was introduced last year by Olympic Champion Charley Dumas.



The 7-foot jump came to be last summer, of course, when Charley Dumas cleared 7 feet 1/2 inch in the U.S. Olympic trials. As the first year of the 7-foot era ends, in the classy field of high jumpers gathering for the national championships at Dayton, Ohio next week, it will take a jump of 6 feet 10 or better before anybody throws a hat in the air. High jumping has moved along from one broken record to the next, becoming a precise art but one flexible enough still for ragged and rugged individualists who cling to outdated ways or improvise boldly.

The jumpers who have edged the record up 8½ inches in 70 years have used four basically different styles. The first, the scissors, was merely what any man would logically do in stepping sideways over a low fence. Then came Sweeney, selling a new line. He approached head-on, swerved and, after kicking his inside leg up, he got an extra snap over the bar by cutting his following leg under his lead leg. This became known as the "eastern style" after 1912, when George Horine of Stanford came out of the West reversing the whole procedure and finally breaking Sweeney's record with a 6-foot 7-inch jump. In his "western roll" Horine led with the outside leg, then tucked his following leg under him to clear the bar on his side. When the rules were simplified in 1935 so that a man could clear the bar in any way he cared so long as he took off on only one foot, jumpers took up the straddle style, taking off as in the western roll but bringing the following leg up free, not tucked, so the jumper lies belly down atop the bar.

Today the straddle is considered the most efficient way of getting over. But any coach making flat statements as to the form, training or physique needed for championship jumping runs the risk of being stoned to death by exceptions to the rule. Sweeney's eastern style has long been considered obsolete, yet in the '48 Olympics, a well-knit Sweeney throwback, John Winter of Australia, beat all the straddlers and the western rollers. The western roll is generally considered an interim style, for use by jumpers progressing to the straddle, yet, after Straddle Jumper Les Steers of Oregon in 1941 set the record at 6 feet 11 inches, a western roller, Walt Davis of Texas A&M, took it back in 1953 with a jump of 6 feet 11 1/2.

Another high-jumping curiosity is that not one of the first six record breakers who pushed the record to 6 feet 9 1/2 inches was over 6 feet tall.

The greatest of the world's short men will be in action at Dayton. He is Phil Reavis of Villanova, the national indoor champion, who is 5 feet 9 inches tall and has jumped 13 inches over his head. Reavis' style (*pictured on page 48*), like Dumas', is considered near perfect; yet the styles of the two are markedly different, so perfection remains a fluid thing. Also at Dayton there will be the strangest stylist ever to thrust himself up 6 feet 9 inches into the top flight of jumpers—Bob Barksdale of Morgan State, who depends on a violent thrust from both legs to get clear of the bar. In this respect, Barksdale is reverting to the old eastern form of Sweeney, but in every other respect he is a man alone—a high-jumping dodo, obsolete yet as modern and bizarre and beautiful as a Picasso painting of a man slipping on a bar of soap.

**Turn page to study contrasting jumping styles of Phil Reavis and Bob Barksdale**

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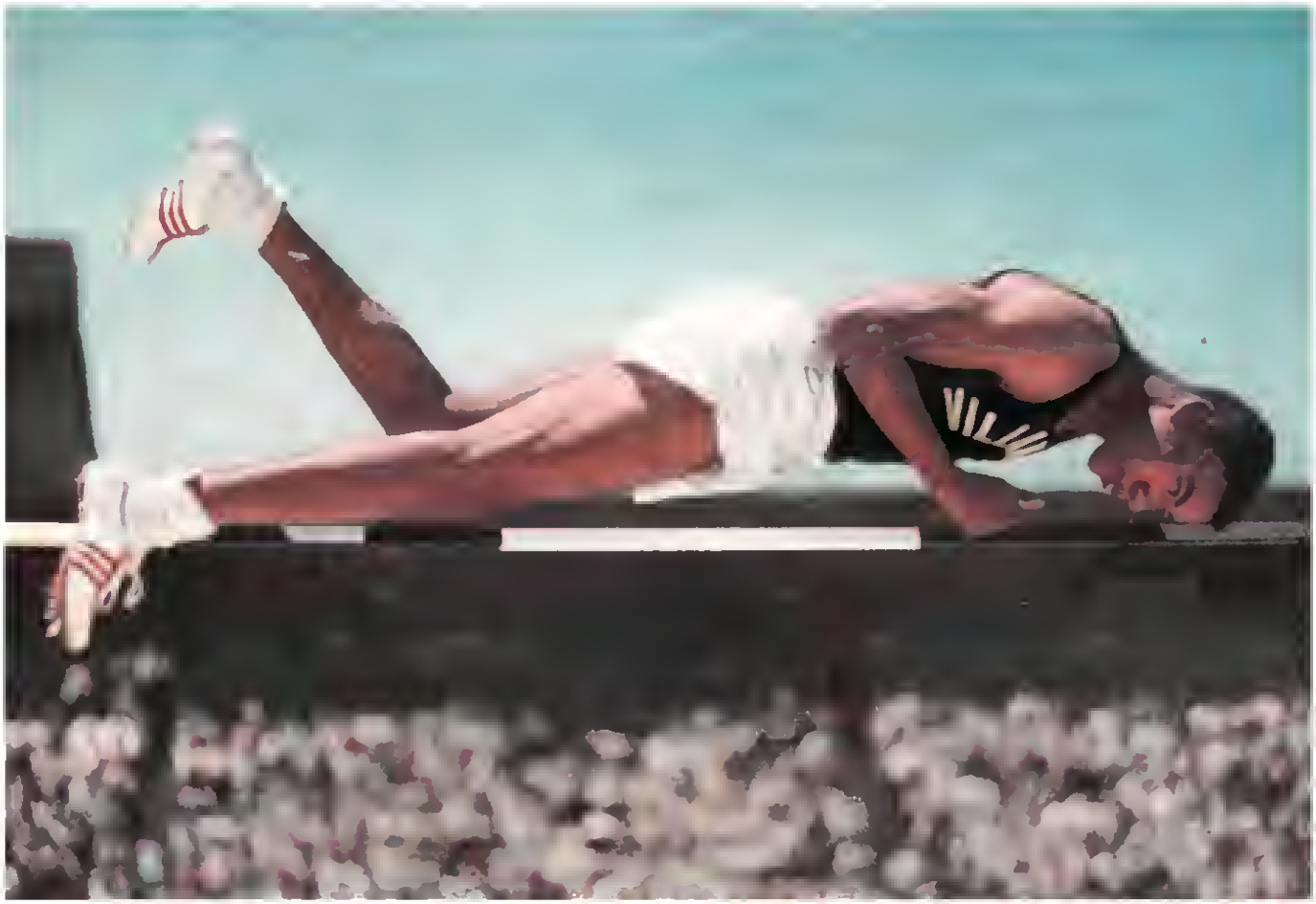
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**OBSOLETE** *style of Morgan State's Bob Barksdale involves upthrust first with right, then with left leg*





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# THE DARING YOUNG MAN WITH THE BIG IDEA

**Bob Gutowski has already gone higher than any pole vaulter. Now he eyes the art's Mount Everest: the magic 16-foot mark**

by JAMES MURRAY

THE YOUNG MAN straining down st you from this week's cover is the best pole vaulter in the world—and in history. He has gone higher than any other and is, at the moment, characteristically gazing down from a crossbar vantage point well over 15 feet in the air.

But Robert Allen Gutowski is almost as surprised as the rest of the track world to find himself at this dizzying eminence. He didn't even really make last year's Olympic team and went to Melbourne as a promoted alternate, yet he came home with the silver medal.

Bob did not even enter Los Angeles' little (enrollment 1,300) Occidental College as a track star. As a high schooler, he had barely scraped over 12 feet 3½ inches, which did not entitle him to much notice in track-happy southern California, and he had to get into Occidental on a basketball scholarship. But the seasoned eyes who watched Gutowski in the pole vault pit suddenly realized that his swing up to the bar was one of the most fluid ever seen. It was only an easily corrected tendency to belly-out and collapse too soon at the bar that was costing him Olympian heights.

One other thing did not escape the then-coach Payton Jordan. "Gutowski," he observed to the press in some wonderment, "is keen, ambitious, relentless, determined and especially fearless." With this as a start, learning to keep the legs skyward a fraction of a second longer at the push-off was child's play. On February 25, 1956, the fearless Gutowski (known as "Guts" to his competitors) served notice on Richards, Bragg and Co. by vaulting 15 feet ¼ inch and abruptly joining the select cadre of athletes who had done so.

At the Olympic trials, a momentary lapse into the old fault caused him to rap out at 14 feet 8 inches—good enough only for fourth place. But Gutowski shrugged it off and trudged over to Europe on a consolation tour. There he startled the Russians and his own countrymen by drubbing the Iron Curtain athletes and equalling the Olympic record of 14 feet 11½ inches in a meet in Rumania.

At Melbourne, Gutowski was only 1¼ inches behind Bob Richards, and it was clear the reverend could begin looking over both shoulders at once at the young chemistry student with the perfect, pencil-slim vaulter's build.

In April of this year Gutowski was ready. The runway at Stanford felt good. The pole was perfect—not too stiff, not too whippy. The weather was benign. He jumped 15 feet 8¼ inches—higher than anyone had ever gone before—outdoors (indoor marks are not accepted as world records).

Slowly, the track world accepted Gutowski as their new champion and not just a freak record setter. At the Coliseum Relays, Gutowski put Richards away and then soared over 15 feet 6 inches. He made 15 feet 3 inches at Modesto and at Compton he won again with a 15-foot 4-inch vault. Last week at Austin came the biggest triumph of all.




**FEARLESS AND AMBITIOUS** was Coach Jordan's description of "Guts" Gutowski.

The art of the pole vault, in the opinion of Gutowski's present coach, Chuck Coker, is the most difficult in field events and requires some 32 separate coordinated movements. Gutowski has the necessary sprinter's speed and the manual dexterity. Practice of the art requires stomach muscles of coiled steel (the push-off at the top tears fiercely at the abdomen)—and Gutowski hardened his by months of arduous leg presses in the weight lifters' room. It requires the suppleness of a platform diver (the twisting hip curl at the top of the jump cannot be done from a locked position)—and Gutowski was an enthusiastic aquatic star before he ever saw a vaulting pole. It requires the assiduity of a born student (pole vaulting, like golf, is not instinctive in all its phases and must be engineered in the mind before it can be performed by the body)—and Gutowski is a better than average analytical student in his major.

Finally, it requires the physique and reflexes of a middleweight boxer—and Gutowski at 6 feet, 150 pounds, is neither too small nor too heavy and can shift weight like Ray Robinson.

A no-nonsense young man, Bob Gutowski is nonchalant about his achievements. In his tiny room under the stands of the football field, where he can study in the rich aromatic atmosphere of linament and sweat, there are more schoolbooks than newspaper clippings. And there is no set of job-printed pep talks or crossbars marked "16 feet." Gutowski's tough, tawny eyes grow derisive at the thought of such "mental crutches." Sixteen feet? "Just a matter of time," he says soothingly. **END**

# THE SHOE THAT FINALLY FIT

## Gallant Man upheld honor of a brilliant but inconsistent crop

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

GALLANT MAN'S overwhelming Belmont Stakes victory proved one thing about the 1957 harvest of expensively bred and extensively raced 3-year-olds—that dancing every dance doesn't leave you in the best of shape for the grand finale at the senior prom.

When the whole panorama was spread out in March, there were several potential champions: Barbizon, Gen. Duke, Iron Liege, Bold Ruler and a cluster of hopefuls in California. By Belmont Day the first three were defective, and the westerners had proved inadequate when exposed to the embarrassment of stern competition.

Bold Ruler remained, prior to the Belmont, the one thread that held the division together. And Gallant Man, almost a dwarf when placed alongside the rest, remained the question mark. He had risen from 63rd on the Experimental list to two nightmarish defeats in the Wood Memorial and the Kentucky Derby. One or the other had to save face for all.

To 44-year-old Trainer Johnny Nerud's credit, it was Gallant Man who did it, and by eight lengths in American record time of 2:26 3/5, thus disposing of Bolingbroke's 15-year-old record by a full second.

Nerud arrived at steamy Belmont two hours before the big race in a spanking new brown-and-silver-striped sports cap, bought a program and immediately ripped the covers off. "I've got enough to do today without carrying any overweight," he said, and walked quickly to the middle of the race track and picked up a handful of wet dirt.

"I think it's gonna be mine. The way I see the race, Bold Ruler is going to the front and I'll send the other half of my entry [Bold Nero] right with him for three quarters and try to kill him off. I think it will work."

Ralph Lowe, Gallant Man's pale Texas owner, asked Nerud for the privilege of hoisting Jockey Willie Shoemaker into the saddle—he had never done it before. As Lowe lifted, Willie said, "Please, Mr. Lowe, don't throw me over the horse, I've had enough trouble lately."

Once posted, Willie became the target for a chorus of catcalls advising him: "Don't stop for lunch this time" and "Hey, Willie, did you take your No-Doz?" This probably was the first time that a jockey other than Eddie Arcaro had been so royally harassed at Belmont. The only comment heard about Arcaro was in the paddock, where a fat man asked a thin one, laughingly, if Arcaro knew where the finish line was and the thin man informed his inquisitor, "Know where it is? He was born on it."

Bold Ruler, as expected, bounded to the front, but Johnny Choquette, Bold Nero's jockey, sent his colt with him and the sacrificial lamb pushed Bold Ruler to a punishing mile in 1:35 3/5 (after blistering fractions of :23 2/5, :46 4/5, 1:10 2/5 and 1:35 3/5). Bold Nero fell away, but Gallant Man now surged from third with leaping strides and reached Bold Ruler quickly, ran with him for a few strides, then completely dominated him, covering the last quarter in the speedy time of :25. Inside Tract also caught Bold Ruler and beat him by four lengths for place.

Jim Fitzsimmons, Bold Ruler's trainer, watched the race on television in the jockeys' room and said, "My horse just isn't a mile-and-a-half horse. But he'll probably run in Chicago this summer." (*See page 20.*)

Nerud, perspiring but jubilant—with the $12,000 he received from Owner Lowe he can now fully satisfy his mania for gaudy sports caps—said that Gallant Man might be shipped to Paris for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe (a race which his sire, Migoli, won in 1948) or else to Chicago for the American Derby and Arlington Classic. Lowe, another happy man, said that Nerud could do anything he wanted with the horse from now on.

The future may yet paint a fuller picture, but the post-Belmont verdict on the 1957 classical colts must be that they have shown plenty of quality—more intermittent brilliance, in fact, than consistency. ENO



TRAINER JOHN NERUD LOVES COLORED SPORTS CAPS AND HIS GALLANT MAN




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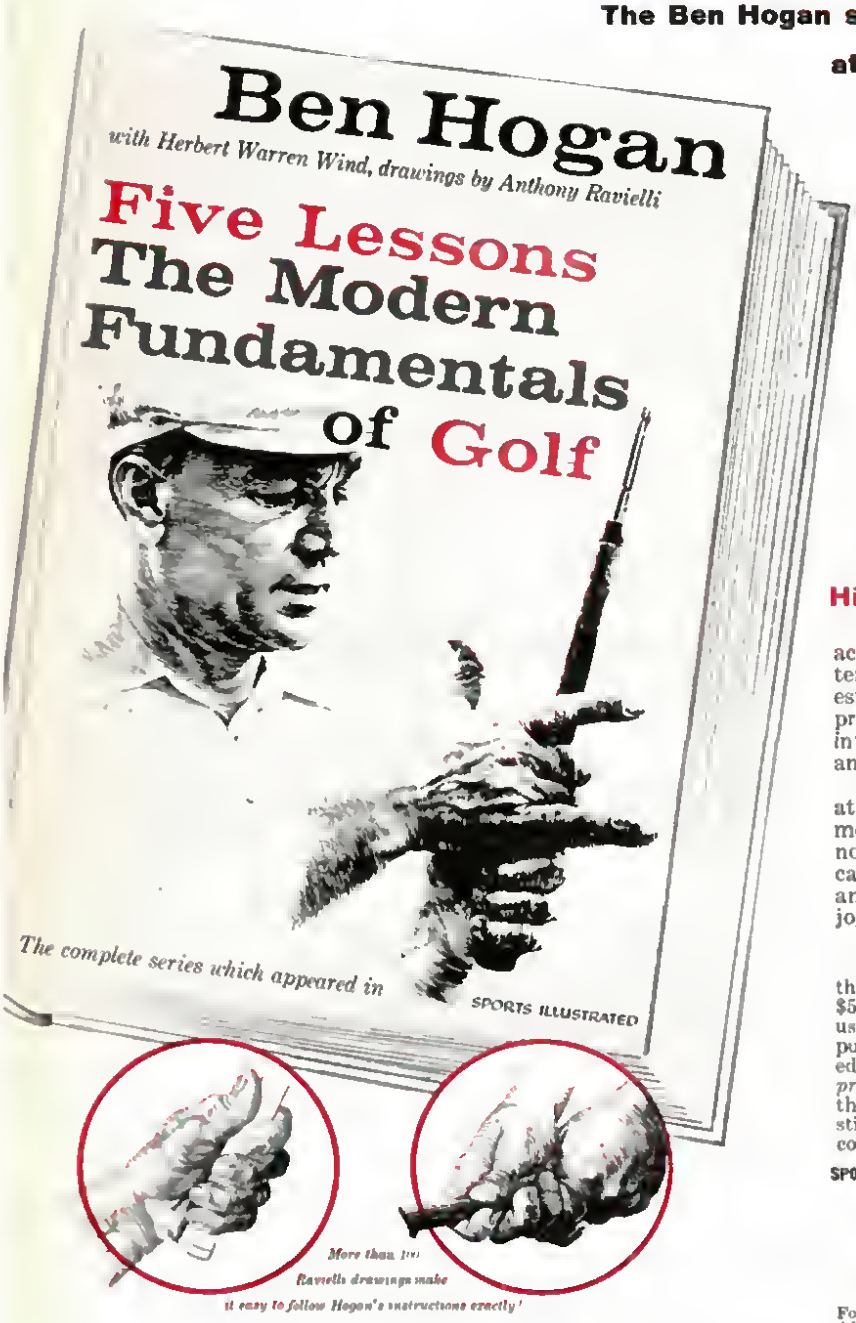
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The Ben Hogan book will be in the bookstores later this summer. The regular edition will be priced at $5.00; a De Luxe Edition, at $7.50. But if you send us your order now, by special arrangements with the publishers, A. S. Barnes & Co., we can send you a first-edition copy *at once*—and at a special *pre-publication price;* only $4.50 for the regular edition and $6.50 for the De Luxe, plus few cents postage. While the season still has many pleasant weeks to go, why not send the coupon below (without money, if you prefer) at once!

**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Dept. 6023, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.**

## Golfers of all degrees of skill praise the Hogan lessons:

For the past 5 or so years I've been a middle-to-high-80's shooter. After digesting Ben Hogan's lessons on grip and stance, I promptly shot a 75, and a week later had a 78—with four 3-putt greens!

J. P. J., Philadelphia

After reading the first two articles, I had a 73 for the first time in my life, and hadn't played for six months before that.

T. E. S., Calgary

Messrs. Hogan and Wind, along with Mr. Ravielli did it! An old dog at 55 can undo the wrongs of 30 years. I have the scorn to prove it. You've got me for life.

F. H. S., Clayton, Mo.

With the first decent weather in 6 months, I went to the driving range, my driver in one hand, three copies of SI in the other and a patient wife to read and guide me. The results were startling: 200-250 yards and *no slices.* God bless Hogan!

R. F., Loudonville, N.Y.

I'm a weekend golfer who shoots in the mid-90's—sometimes over 100. I've broken 90 maybe 3 times in my life. I studied the first 3 Hogan articles carefully and tried to follow his advice. Last Saturday, I 3-putted four greens and shot 86!

J. M., New York


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# TIP FROM THE TOP



**especially for high-handicap women golfers**

*from* **BETSY RAWLS,** *Country Club of Spartanburg, S.C.*

The large majority of women who play golf don't swing at the ball hard enough. They have the strength to hit harder, more often than not, but they have been told time and time again that easy does it, so they swing with the daintiness of Dresden shepherdesses. It's a bad mistake, a misleading notion.

The good women professional golfers bang the ball out there, just like the best men do. It's really easier to swing well when you put some vigor into your swing. The more momentum you build up, the more likely it is that your club head will stay on the right line. If you slow down your swing artificially, the club head will waver off that line. Of course it is wrong to press for distance, but I believe that a good healthy cut at the ball opens the way to easier and better golf for women.

In this general regard, I think a great many women players are inclined to be over-relaxed at address, so relaxed that they have difficulty in getting their swing started right. Don't be reposed at address. Be athletically poised.




**Daintiness may be fine for croquet but golf requires athletic vigor**

NEXT WEEK: JOHNNY PALMER ON CONSISTENCY IN CHIPPING


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SEVENTH OF A SERIES

# LITTLE THUNDER-MAKER

by DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

TO ONE of our Indian tribes the ruffed grouse is known as Sek-sah-ga-dah-gee, Little Thunder-maker, because his spring drum call is like a faint rumble of distant thunder. It is a mysterious sound, as if a great heart were somewhere throbbing, and to hear it for the first time is to ask with wonder, what is it?

Any woodsman hearing it will say that a cock grouse is calling an unseen mate; but he or you will search many times in vain before finding an answer to the next question, where is he? His drumming is decidedly ventriloquial in that it seems to be everywhere, nowhere, and fades away into silence even as you turn your head to find out where it comes from. It is likewise one of the few fargoing sounds of nature which, like the hunting call of the great horned owl and the mourn of a timber wolf, never rouses a sleeping echo. Woodpeckers also sound the drums of spring, and, if the drummer be a logcock, the echo of his lusty *tat-a-tat*, when he uses a dry stub as a drum, or his *dub-a-dub*, when he uses a hollow tree, rebounds from hill to hill, while the drumming of a ruffed grouse comes and goes like the ghost of a sound that is felt rather than heard.

It happened in boyhood that I became well acquainted with a cock grouse, known as "the old beech pa'tridge," who had a drumming log at either end of his range. On an April morning when he was drumming from one log, I hid near the other and thumped a blown bladder that was buttoned under my jacket, increasing the speed from a slow *brum brum* to a long roll, just as I had heard the drum call many times. Hardly had it ceased before the old grouse darted in and pulled himself up, so near that one could see the angry glint of his hazel eye, bright as a jewel. He probably thought that some cheeky young cock had dared to drum on his range, on his own log, and his strut-strutting was that of a game rooster who hears a rival crowing. Since he mistook my thumping for a drum call, naturally I concluded that he drummed by beating his own sides, but from a much later observation I drew a different and much more probable conclusion.



The stage for this second encounter was set by nature on a ridge behind my spring fishing camp on Moosehead Lake. After hearing a drum call several times a day, and once on a moonlit night, I traced it to a little opening, halfway up the ridge, carpeted by dead beech leaves and curtained on all sides but one by thickets of fir and spruce. In the middle of this opening was a hardwood log, not mossy but dry as a bone. On it a single grouse feather told me, "This is the place." I hid under a low-branching fir on the open side of the stage when Thunder-maker came mincing into sight, frequently stopping to look and hark on all sides. Not until my shy actor was satisfied that he had the stage all to himself would he hop lightly to the log and parade up and down, drooping his wing tips, opening his lustrous ruff, spreading wide his handsome tail. Facing me at last, while I held my breath to be more quiet, he raised both wings to strike them forward and downward with a motion too fast for eyes to follow, and the tense silence of the woods was broken by a single low *brum*. Other wing beats followed, the tempo increasing until the separate beats merged into a continuous roll, which suddenly and mysteriously tapered away into silence. The mystery was, and is, that the sound grows faint while the wings are still threshing rapidly.

After seeing the performance, my new impression was that Thunder-maker's wings do not strike over his back or beat against his sides. On the downward stroke they stop before coming together, and the *brum* is made, I think, by columns of compressed air striking together—just as thunder itself may possibly be made by air rushing into the vacuum produced by a lightning bolt.

In my boyhood, when grouse were plentiful, I could always find two or three nests within a half mile of the farmhouse. Season after season I followed the chicks from the time they chipped the shell into late October, when each brood scattered more or less widely and so met another brood for the first time.

During the long spring and summer months that all young grouse spend with the mother bird they acquire habits which are as regularly repeated as the rounds of a postman, and as close to the hour as a good clock. They feed for two or three hours in the morning; they preen or dust themselves or just loaf for an equal time at noontide; in the afternoon they feed again and, toward sundown, move leisurely toward the roosting place. Their food varies with the season—buds, tender leaves, grubs, insects, fruit, berries, seeds, mushrooms, beechnuts, acorns—but

*continued*


Arthur Singer

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And all the Les Strokes' live-action features are now *sealed-in* by a double coat of white-white sealing paint. Whenever you buy it, a Les Strokes is as lively, as sparkling white, as ready for championship play as the day it was made. And it *stays* that way through many more holes of golf!

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## THUNDER-MAKER

*continued*

at all seasons they like a variety. They prefer buckwheat to any other grain, and if you know of a field of ripe buckwheat near the woods you may confidently expect to find grouse there in the late afternoon. When wild raspberries ripen on the burned land, it is holiday time for all grouse; but they seem to regard fruit as a morning diet.

When all ground food is hidden under a white blanket, Little Thunder-maker has one advantage over quail, pheasants and other birds of the same ornitbological family. In the late afternoon he flies up into a birch or black birch or wild apple tree, there to fill his crop with next summer's leaf buds, which are already formed and filled with nourishment that needs no grit (sand or gravel) to help grind it up and make it digestible. I have twice found a whole covey of quail dead under the snow; dissection revealed that they had found enough weed seeds to keep them alive, but not a bit of necessary gravel.



A surprising thing about Thunder-maker's feeding habits came to light one autumn when a sportsman brought a grouse whose crop was stuffed with sweet acorns. Every acorn was shelled and quartered, not a scrap of outer covering in the whole handful. This kind of acorn had a hard shell with a pointed top, and how Thunder-maker shelled it so neatly with his beak puzzled me completely. Days later I found tbe answer. He was digging out *old* acorns, which had lain for a year under moist leaves, softened by rain and frost.

Besides four or five regular feeding grounds and a favorite opening where he suns himself after rain, Little Thunder-maker has at least one place to which he resorts when his morning hunger is satisfied. To it come at noontide all surviving members of hia covey or family group, there to preen or to dust themselves or to gossip a while, as one might infer from their "talk." Unlike my native village, where one could find a few sociable loafers either at the store or in the shoemaker's shop, the loafing place of grouse ia in some out-of-the-way corner where hunters with their bird dogs seldom or never look; which explains why one may unexpectedly flush two or three or a dozen of these splendid game birds after tramping all morning through empty covers.

From some sucb loafing place, probably, came the sportsmen's notion that a flushed grouse always puts a tree behind him. Naturally he does, an evergreen tree when one is handy; but if there be any thinking or experience about it, he selects a place like this, where, behind a wall of fragrant cedar, hia flight is as invisible as if be had suddenly gone into a cloud or down a well.

In going from one feeding ground to the next, and from the morning feeding grounds to the loafing place at noon, every grouse follows the same course. He has definite paths through the cover, as a fox has runways, though they are to human eyes as invisible as his regular flyways. Day after day he holds to the same footways and flyways because he formed the habit of so doing when, as a helpless chick, he followed the wise old mother bird in the exact same cover.

In my native locality of southern New England, as elsewhere, poachers

took advantage of this regularity of habit to bring grouse dangerously near to extinction. This evil they did by building a low fence of brush and litter, only a few inches high, across a whole feeding ground; at intervals of four or five yards was a narrow opening framed by two sticks stuck in the ground, and at every opening a wire noose was set at the height that a grouse carries his head. Coming to this unexpected obstacle, a surprised grouse would walk along it to find an opening and put his neck in the noose. Tens of thousands of the grandest of game birds were thus strangled, choked by their desperate effort to break loose, and were sold in our city markets. In a lifetime I have kicked to pieces I know not how many brush fences and carried away the wires; yes, and have gone back to repeat the lesson if a second were needed. At first glance it looks incredible that a bird as keen as Thunder-maker should walk along a fence that he could easily step over. But lifelong habits are hard for any creature to change.

Though Thunder-maker will come near to you in full daylight, the only time you can come close to him is in the dark, after he has settled down for the night. Until the snow falls, a solitary grouse, especially a cock, usually sleeps on the ground, huddled against a brown stump where he becomes a part of the sleeping earth. Once, when following an old lumber road in the dusk, I somehow knew that a stump which stood among many stumps beside the trail was a living thing. But what? Even when bending over it, after catfooting within range, my eyes could make out nothing but form or bulk. Not till I touched it did Thunder-maker roar up in my face, giving me a bigger scare than I had given him.

To me, after a lifetime of rather intimate acquaintance, the wildness of Thunder-maker is still his most fascinating trait. He is a child of the wilderness, and so long as one of his kind lives in our sadly diminished woods, his mottled colors, swift-gliding walk and thunderous flight will recall the sights and sounda and wordless feel of the absolute solitude where only he is at home. END

## NEW DR. LONG BOOK

*A second collection of the nature essays rediscovered by* SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *last year will be published July 3 by Doubleday & Co., Inc. ($4). Entitled "Wings of the Forest," it will include "Little Thunder-maker" and "Teedeeuk the Jay"* (SI, May 6).






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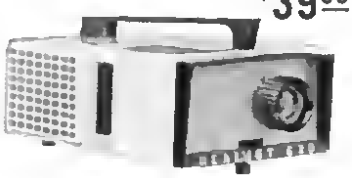
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# Jimmy Jemail's HOTBOX



### PORKY OLIVER



*Blue Hill CC*
*Canton, Mass.*
*Member*
*three Ryder Cup teams*

Great as was Bobby Jones's swing, I think Sam Snead's is as good, if not better. Sam's swing is more compact, with more power and leverage. He is to golf what natural hitters like Mickey Mantle or Ted Williams are to baseball. There's no other swing like Snead's in golf.

### SAM SNEAD



*The Greenbrier*
*Winner, three Masters*

When Nelson was going well, he had the best swing I ever saw. His was "the swing with a personality." Ben Hogan has improved his swing. I've played a lot with Ben. He used to be a lasher or whipper, but now he's slowed his swing down to a certain extent.

### BILLY BURKE



*The Country Club*
*Cleveland*
*Winner*
*1931 U.S. Open*

That's a question that can be argued three or four ways, and you wouldn't be warm. Those I played against with the greatest swings were Harry Vardon and Ted Ray. I've never seen a golfer with a more beautiful swing than Vardon's. I rate Sam Snead his equal.

### PETER THOMSON



*Victoria Golf Club*
*Melbourne, Australia*
*Winner*
*last three British Opens*

Although Bobby Jones must be one of the greatest swingers, I never saw him. So I'd have to pick Snead. He's a much better swinger than Hogan. Ben hits a lot of "punch" shots, which may be well hit for results, but this is not what golfers consider good swinging.

### MIKE SOUCHAK



*Grossinger's CC*
*Grossinger, New York*
*Winner, 1956 Colonial Invitation*

The most graceful and powerful swing is Sam Snead's. Hogan's swing is efficient, but not as natural as Sam's. Let me say it another way: the swing that would work for me is Hogan's, but the most beautiful to watch is Snead's. Sam's swing works only for Snead.

### HENRY COTTON



*Temple Golf Club*
*London, England*
*Winner*
*three British Opens*

Bobby Jones had one of the smoothest swings in golf, but he did not have the strength in his hands that Sam Snead has. Sam has the smoothest swing today. Because he was born with extraordinarily flexible thumbs and wrists, he gets terrific power through his hands.

**LAWRENCE ROBINSON** has said that Bobby Jones had the best swing in golf.

*Golf writer*
*The New York World-Telegram and The Sun*

**Who do you think has the best swing? (Asked at the 10th annual Greenbrier Open, White Sulphur Springs, West Va.)**

**HENRY PICARD**



*Canterbury Golf Club*
*Cleveland*
*Winner, 1938 Masters*

I can't name anyone but Ben Hogan. He's proved it through the years. Bobby Jones and Sam Snead are pretty to look at, but they are sometimes wild. That's never true with Hogan. He is as accurate in his swings and shots as a mapmaker is in drawing a map.

**SKIP ALEXANDER**



*Lakewood CC*
*St. Petersburg, Fla.*
*Member*
*two Ryder Cup teams*

Sam Snead. He set golf back 20 years because everyone has been trying to copy his swing. It's impossible. His swing is natural. All others are manufactured. Sam doesn't have to worry about his body turn, foot action, follow-through, and the other details. His swing just happens.

**CHRIS DUNPHY**



*Seminole Golf Club*
*Palm Beach, Fla.*
*Chairman*
*Green Committee*

I saw them all, the old masters and the new. One of the most beautiful and fluid swingers was Harry Vardon, an early exponent of the overlapping grip, which most of the boys use today. If he had been a good putter, he would have been almost impossible to beat.




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# 19th HOLE — THE READERS TAKE OVER

**TENNIS LESSONS: IMPOSSIBLE!**

Sirs:

Congratulations to you and to Don Budge, Billy Talbert and your excellent artist, Mr. Vebell, for the best, most concise instruction article I have ever read (*Now You Can Play Better Tennis*, SI, June 10). Tennis champions and teachers have tried for years to achieve the simplicity needed for easy learning and most, like myself, have failed in this attempt. That which is relatively simple to demonstrate seems almost impossible to write. Don and Billy have *done* this, and they deserve a great deal of credit.

What is most amazing about the article and the illustrations is the fact that women can learn from reading the piece. Don't misunderstand me; one of my own teachers, Harwood White, was a man, but he had rather unique insight into the limitations of women in tennis or in any sport. Most of us do not have the muscular control or physical strength to do what many male teachers suggest. Budge and Talbert have done what I considered for years the impossible.

ALICE MARBLE

Tarzana, Calif.

• Alice Marble was four times U.S. women's singles champion and in 1939 won at Wimbledon.—ED.

**"UNWARRANTED, UNFORTUNATE AND UNPROVED": THE U.S. OLYMPIANS' ANSWER TO DRUG CHARGES**

Sirs:

The United States Olympians, a nationwide organization of former Olympic athletes, at its annual meeting condemned as "unwarranted, unfortunate and unproved" the attack [stating that certain athletes use drugs to improve performance] upon the record-breaking achievements of today's athletes made by certain groups or individuals during the recent meeting of the American Medical Association.

"Unwarranted"—because it fails to give proper recognition to the underlying reasons for the gradual and somewhat steady improvements in the Olympic records over the past 60 years. The improvements in the last 25 years have been far from startling and can well be fully accounted for by improvements in the track and equipment, better coaching, greater competition and more emphasis on times and records, as against merely winning.

"Unfortunate" — because the physical fitness of today's American youth needs every kind of bolstering that it can get. Championship athletes are youth's heroes. To ascribe their victories over others and over records to the stimulation of drugs and narcotics may mislead youth to the adoption of such methods—false though they may be—and will certainly take some of the luster from the wreath of laurels with which the champions are symbolically crowned. . . .

"Unproved" — because the majority of the so-called under-four-minute milers have stoutly and categorically denied the accusations and because no cases have been brought forth proving or even supporting the charges. Widespread denials have come forward from representatives of many sports, coaches and team physicians as well as individual participants who have denied any knowledge of such use.

Assuming for the sake of a fair appraisal that such stimulants have been used, they certainly have not been very effective. Look at the Olympic records in such events as the 400 meters, 800 meters, 1,500 meters, 5,000 meters and 10,000 meters. These might be classed as endurance events where time records over the years are legitimately comparable.

In the 400 meters the record tumbled (*ante* pills) from 54.2 in 1896 to 46.2 in 1932. This was a 35-year period of gradual and fairly steady reduction. But what happened from 1932 through 1956? Occasional betterment, such as a 42.2 in 1948, but a net loss over the period, since in 1956 the time was 46.7, a half second slower than 24 years previously.

The 800-meter event is not very different. In 1896 it was done in 2:11. In 1932, 1:49.8—about 21 seconds chopped off (*ante* pills) in 36 years. In 1956 we got it down to 1:47.7—two seconds off the record in 24 years!

The famous 1,500 meters—the Olympic counterpart of the mile—shows only steady but not meteoric improvement. From 1896 (4:33.2) to 1932 (3:51.2) there was substantial improvement. Since 1932 a total of just about 10 seconds in 24 years has been sliced off the record which is roughly perhaps 4% reduction in a quarter of a century with improved tracks, better coaching and world-wide emphasis on the competition and the focusing of the public's eyes on time rather than only on winning.

The 5,000 meters and the 10,000 meters only go back to the 1912 Olympics. In the former the record has been brought down from 14:36.6 to 13:39.6—almost a minute, but the United States has had nothing whatsoever to do with this! Likewise the 10,000: from 31:20.8 in 1912 to 28:45.6 in 1956. This is just about comparable percentagewise to the reduction in the 5,000 and was wholly a Finnish, Polish, Czechoslovakian and Russian affair.

Perhaps the Soviets have also beaten us to the invention of these pills. Of that the medical people would know better than we Olympians.

PAUL H. SMART

President, United States Olympians

New York

**TENNIS LESSONS: SUPERB!**

Sirs:

Your article on tennis is superb! The action drawings of Don Budge demonstrating the various strokes are especially good.

GLENN MILLER

Lancaster, Pa.

**TENNIS LESSONS: TERRIFIC!**

Sirs:

Terrific! How do you do it? Your articles consistently hold my attention, but this week more so than ever. I attend a small school where there is no professional instructor, and I appreciated this chance to learn from the experts.

LEWIS ALSOBROOK

Baltimore

**TV BASEBALL: IN MEMORIAM**

Sirs:

The broadcasting difficulties of Phil Rizzuto (E & D, June 3) strike home to us Tiger fans.

Three years ago we too were lucky enough to have an ex-ballplayer help describe the Tiger games: good ol' Dizzy Trout. Like Rizzuto, he too made mistakes in his descriptions and used the wrong kind of English. So what happened? Why, they fired Dizzy during Detroit's newspaper strike and there never was any explanation as to why he was canned.

Three cheers for Phil Rizzuto and taps for ol' Diz Trout, who used the word "ain't" one time too often.

PETER O'NEILL

Detroit

**TV BASEBALL: FINE IN CHICAGO**

Sirs:

It seems that everyone is criticizing his hometown baseball announcers about the way they broadcast the games (19TH HOLE, June 3 and 10).

Around Chicago I think we have two fine announcers in Bob Elson and Don Wells. There are some announcers who won't give the scores of other games for fear the fans won't listen to scoreboard shows that usually follow the games. But Bob Elson and Don Wells tell the scores as soon as they get them. All in all they do a fine job, and so does your magazine.

BILL WALTERS

Kankakee, Ill.

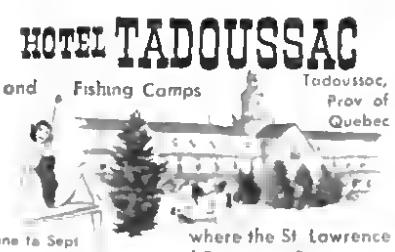
**TV BASEBALL: CAST OF CHARACTERS**

Sirs:

I would like to add my viewpoint to the TV baseball bit. I have never heard or seen any of the Patricks or Otts work on the air. However, I don't have to turn my TV dial very far to pick up three of the worst-sounding announcers anywhere. The old podner is too busy reading telegrams and patting himself on the back to give an accurate description of the action. His partner is good, if he would only lay off the constant reference to his .250 batting average. I am not interested in his accomplishments; it's what's going on in the ball game at hand that is of interest. On the other network, we have the ex-manager, who has the most irritating monotone voice I have ever heard. He should stick to managing and give the more talented fellows a shot at the announcing.

J. W. KENNEDY

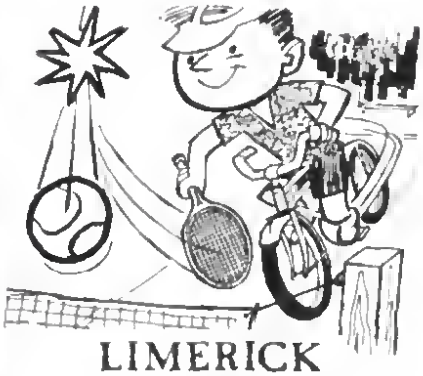
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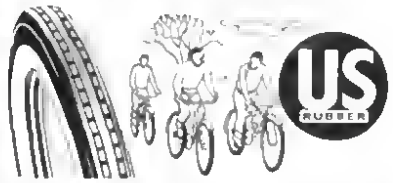



LIMERICK

A nervy young netsman named Ennis
Once cycled while playing lawn tennis
While willing to concede
Royal tires give speed
The judges ruled Ennis a menace

We agree—for tennis U S Rubber's Keds are best But for best in biking—nothing can touch U S Royal Bike Tires for fast handling fun, safety and long wear Your boy or girl deserves 'em.

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United States Rubber
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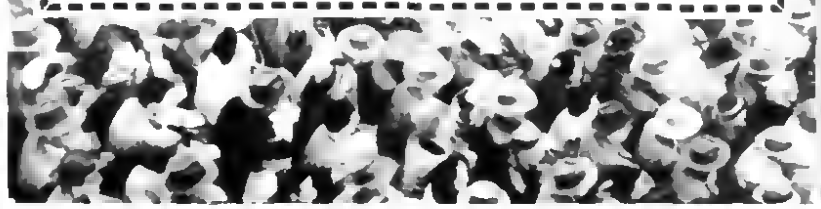
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# Which golf ball goes farther?

### New United States Testing Co. study gives you some hints!

One of America's foremost research organizations, United States Testing Co., just completed a series of impartial, revealing tests on the four leading high-compression golf balls. For example . . .

**Did you know that even among the most expensive golf balls, there's enough variation in size and weight to cost you significant yardage?**

Because the smallest, heaviest ball will travel farther, maximum weight and minimum diameter standards have been officially set for golf balls.

In tests the Spalding DOT consistently measured *closer* to maximum weight and minimum diameter allowances than all other brands. To you this should mean the DOT will travel farther.

DISTANCE RANKING

(based upon consistency of weight, diameter, compression and depth of dimple)

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st | DOT |
| 2nd | Brand B |
| 3rd | Brand C |
| 4th | Brand A |

Additional tests in the United States Testing Co. Report* also ranked the DOT *first* in terms of *both trueness and durability* characteristics.

Complete test reports soon will be in the hands of your golf professional. Ask to see them.

Play the new Spalding DOT. There are other balls in its price field—but none in its class!




SPALDING
*sets the pace in sports*

*U. S. Testing Co., Report No. 27149, 4/2/57


## PAT ON THE BACK



### WASHINGTON-LEE: HIGH SCHOOL ROWING CHAMPIONS

Traditionally, schoolboy crew—like compulsory chapel and the headmaster's sherry party—is the particular property of private schools. But over the past few years rowing has been adopted with enthusiasm and success by a number of high schools across the country. Washington-Lee High School of Arlington, Va., for example, owns no less than seven eight-oared shells, and more than 100 boys turn out for this most exacting of all team sports. This year, under a spare-time coach, Charles Butt, former MIT oarsman, Washington-Lee took the Stotesbury Cup in a record-breaking 5:01.8 mile at Philadelphia and went on to win the 23rd national schoolboy rowing championship on the Potomac. The above members of the winning eight are Stroke Pete Kresky, Bob McMillan and Reese James, all of whom are planning to go to the University of Wisconsin; Lance Parker (Auburn); Dave Mitchell (VPI); Tom Sullivan and Neal Oliver (both Duke); Bill Howard, who hopes for an Annapolis appointment. Not shown is Coxswain Lee Butler, who is aiming for the U.S. Air Force Air University.




The exclusive new Readymatic Changer in use

# New Kodak 300 Projector shows color slides bigger, brighter—ushers in the new "low look"!

**Only 5 inches** from table to top! That's the new and exciting "low look" of this Kodak 300 Projector—a look that's at home in *any* home, whether period, colonial or contemporary.

Still, wonderfully compact as it is, the Kodak "300" shows your color slides sparkling bright. And *big*—up full screen even in a small room, thanks to its "wide-angle" lens.

Its new Readymatic Changer loads up to 36 slides in cardboard mounts; glides smoothly, easily. It makes changing simpler than ever.

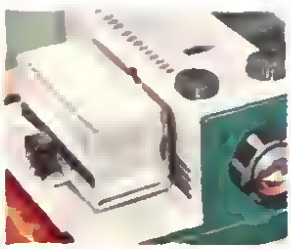
See the new Kodak 300 Projector demonstrated at your photo dealer's. It's only $59.50, or as little as $5.95 down. And it's made by Kodak, so you know it's good! *Prices are list, include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.*



So light and easy to store. Carries like a briefcase. Measures just 11x11x5 inches, complete with self-cover.



Controls most often used are on top—at your fingertips. Elevation and focusing are simple, one-hand operations.



Kodak 300 Projector with automatic magazine changer, $69.50, $6.95 down. See new Readymatic Changer above.

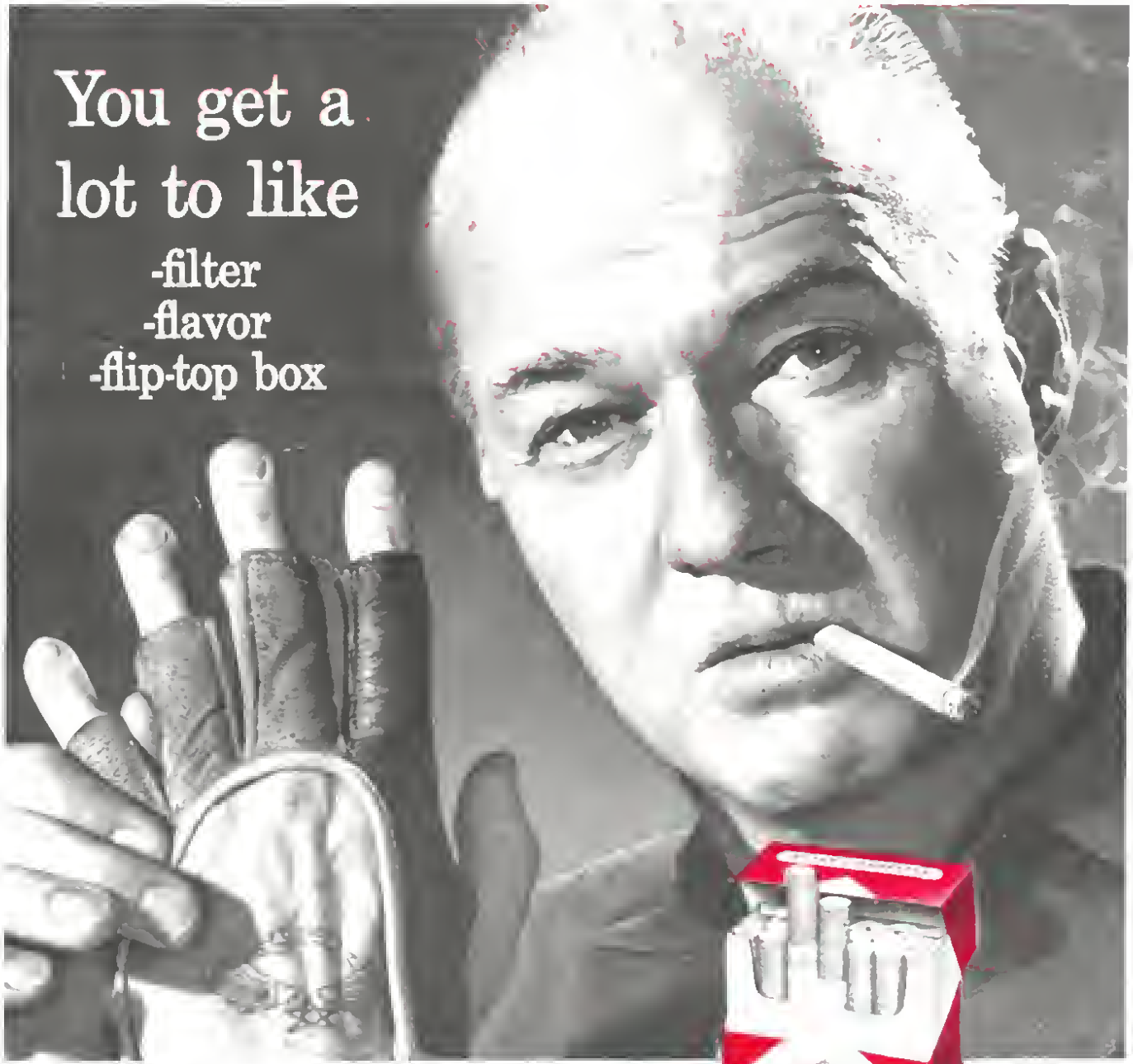


Complete outfit with Kodak Signet 40 Camera, $128.50, $12.85 down.

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FILTER PRICE

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FLIP-TOP BOX
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